# Employes' Magazine

The Union Pacific Coal Company

For the Furtherance
Of Safety and Better
Living Conditions

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**APRIL * 1944**


Rock Springs - Reliance - Stansbury - Winton - Superior - Hanna

UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY OLD TIMERS ASSN

OUR DEMOCRACY——by Mat
"Eat it up—wear it out,
Fix it up,—or do without."
—OLD NEW ENGLAND MOTTO.
OUR PLEDGE TODAY:
"I WILL
BUY CAREFULLY."
"I WILL
TAKE GOOD CARE
OF THE THINGS
I HAVE."
"I WILL
WASTE NOTHING."
HUBERT MATHIEU
—THUS I WILL CONTRIBUTE TO VICTORY.

# EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 21 APRIL, 1944 NUMBER 4


# Hemisphere Solidarity—Not Yet

BY LOLA WILSON

AN AMERICAN citizen trying vainly to follow and understand the news which comes to us from Latin America becomes daily more confused and perplexed. One day he hears enthusiastic news commentators relate on the air that Argentina has broken off relations with the Axis; that the solidarity of the Western Hemisphere is now assured, and all the Americans are united in a common effort against the Axis foe. Within the next few days or weeks, perhaps, comes news of revolts and revolutions in Bolivia, the ousting of the President of Argentina and the seizure of the government by an anti-Allied faction of the army which suspects the imperialistic Yankees of having designs to crush and enslave their neighbors to the south; and finally mobs and riots in the streets madly shouting, "Down with the Yankees." No wonder this citizen is confused and puzzled and asks, "Just what do you mean by hemisphere solidarity?"

South America, a continent twice as large as the United States, with a population of 125,000,000 people, can have no such a thing as national unity under present conditions. Each republic is entirely independent and highly individualized. Each has its own system of government, differing greatly from that of its neighbor, and each is a unit in itself. Two countries lying side by side may present striking differences. Take for example Paraguay and Uruguay. The former is poor and lives in almost complete isolation from the world. Its original inhabitants were Indians, who, unlike most, were able to assimilate their conquerors. Today the descendants of these proud Spanish Conquistadores live in ignorance and squalor in the most primitive fashion.

Uruguay is one of the cleanest and most advanced of the South American republics, very enterprising, with a large world trade in beef, wool, hides, beef extracts, and livestock. Its government is much like that of Sweden with its system of cooperatives, and it was one of the first countries to adopt social security.

Again, take the case of Ecuador and Venezuela. Ecuador has as much poverty as is found anywhere in the world. Visitors are always appalled by the apparent misery, neglect, and backwardness of the people. On the other hand, in Venezuela, which ranks next to Russia in the production of oil, the cost of living is estimated to be two and one-half times as high as in New York City. Here a coke costs in normal times thirty-two cents in American money, a sandwich forty cents, a movie almost a dollar, rent is fifty dollars weekly for the poorest of shacks, and petroleum and dock workers receive ten dollars a day.

These individual differences and characteristics have often been the cause of friction, misunderstandings, petty quarrels and even wars between neighbors. Too often the republics have been forced to employ their finances to equip armies instead of expending them on good highways, housing, health and schools. This intricate and complicated miscellany of twenty individual countries makes United States policy difficult. The mere thought of devising twenty different methods of dealing with that number of countries on a single issue which arises, gives us a headache.

Another contributing factor to this lack of national unity among the people of Latin America has been poor transportation facilities, vast distances between centers, lack of money, and natural barriers such as the almost impassable Andes or mighty rivers like the Amazon and the Orinoco swollen by tropical rains the greater part of the year. The majority of the peons, or workers, have never had enough food for a good square meal in their lives, to say nothing of travelling more than a few miles from their native villages. Not more than one family in a dozen lives in a house with electric lights or fixtures; probably one in twenty-five has a radio; one in five hundred has a frigidaire; or one in fifty has a telephone, and as high as seventy per cent can neither read nor write.


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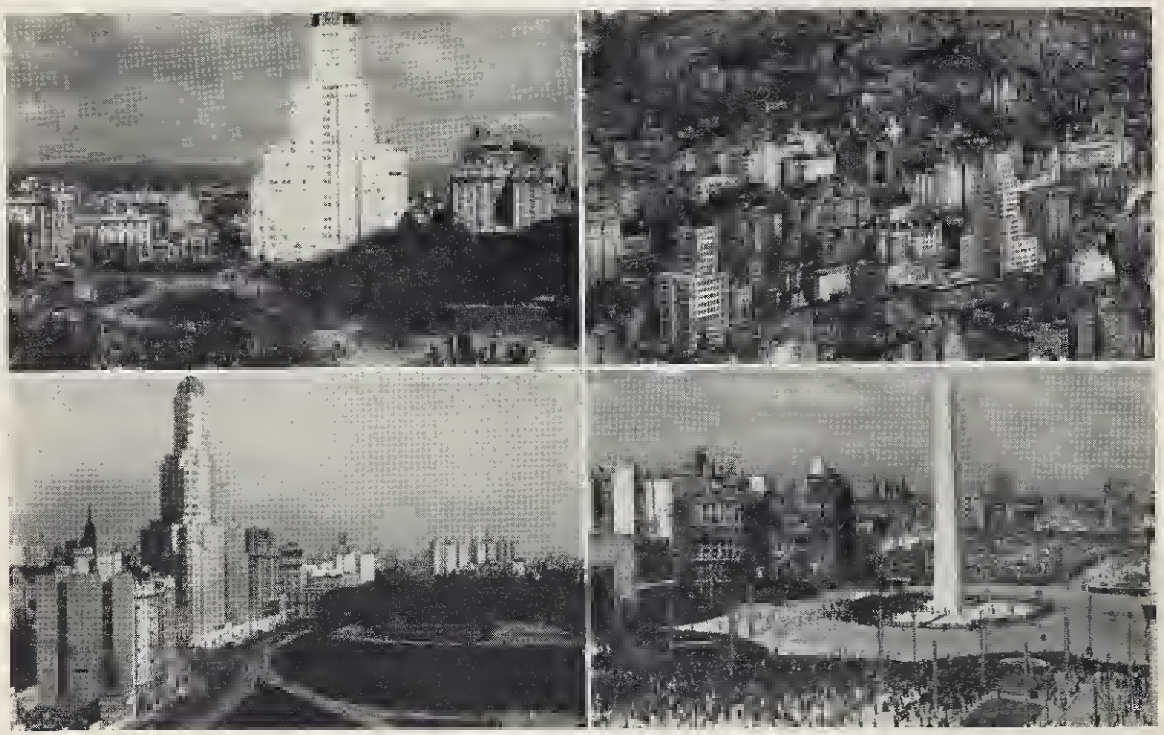
*Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to Editor, Employes' Magazine, Union Pacific Coal Co., Rock Springs, Wyo.*

Distances are much greater in South America than many of us realize. From the Panama Canal to Buenos Aires, in Argentina, it is 6,500 miles; across the Andes Mountains from Santiago, Chile, on the west, to Buenos Aires on the east coast is 900 miles; the Amazon River is navigable for 2,700 miles and is 110 miles wide at its mouth. Brazil is as large as the United States plus the state of Texas; and Chile is as long as the distance from Los Angeles to Philadelphia.

The people are difficult for us to understand. In their very origin and viewpoint of life they are different from us. The first settlers who came to the United States brought their families with them to make permanent homes where they might have freedom and happiness. The Spaniards, having heard tales of the boundless amounts of gold in South America, came to loot and not to settle. They enslaved the natives and took for the mother country the land and all its resources. For centuries Spain kept them in veritable servitude, denied them education and neglected the public health. To this may be traced their present high rate of illiteracy, lack of physical development and individual initiative.

Finally throwing off the yoke of Spain these people have had a terrific struggle to establish stable independent governments. Incessant changes, graft, bribery and nepotism have too often held sway in high places. Democracy has many times seemed inefficient and Nazi and Fascist agents have been quick to take advantage of this dissatisfaction and unrest to establish their party in every country. American trade was underbid, colonies of Germans, Italians and Japanese settled in all countries in the hope of taking over the entire continent.

When the war broke out, however, most of these republics which possessed no navy and whose armies were ineffective, were quick to put themselves under the protection of the United States. They took advantage of lend-lease; were ready to grant naval and air base facilities; sent cadets to this country to be trained. In brief they have cooperated fully in the "Good Neighbor Policy." Only Argentina has stood aloof. She has always been "different" in every way. She has never suffered the poverty of the other countries. In fact her capital, Buenos Aires, boasts of being one of the wealthiest cities of the world. Her pampas contain none of the tiny farms found elsewhere, but vast estates owned by cattle barons proud of their Spanish ancestry and determined to keep the government a facsimile of the European model. She always has been and is now dominated by what happens in Europe, with whom she maintains the closest ties and an attitude of humble subservience. No small business man has a business here; nor is there any middle class—only the very wealthy and the serf. In the past, Argentina has been scornful and contemptuous of her less fortunate neighbors whom she has regarded as "barbarians."



BUENOS AIRES

*Upper left, Plaza San Martin; right, aerial view of business district; Lower left, Retiro Park; right, a downtown avenue.*

Her chief trade has never been with other countries of the western hemisphere, but with Europe. Her institutions have been backed by European and international interests, all of which are in intense opposition to ours. Here is no religious freedom, no right of assembly, no free press; but instead, congress, political parties, and unions are disbanded at the will of the powerful few; elections are postponed; political and labor leaders are sent into concentration camps or forced into exile. All that is apparently lacking to make the country a complete Axis model is an official national party.

For years Argentina has been suffering from so-called "growing pains." She would like to dominate and control Latin America and pictures herself as a saviour to her weaker neighbors. With this idea in view, she has tried to effect binding and close accords with the surrounding countries which would tend to make her the headquarters for any strategy affecting South America.

She feels, however, that the United States is a rival who would keep her from the realization of her ambitions. She is jealous of her popularity with many of the other republics, of her leadership in the world of trade, knowing too well that the northern country provides a market for the coffee and the rubber of Brazil, the nitrates of Chile, and for the tin, manganese ore, bauxite and tungsten so vital to warfare, the bananas of the Central Americas, and the sugar of the Caribbean. The restriction of her own trade in grain, beef, hides, and wool because of the war does not improve her disposition. Consequently, she has opposed every move of the United States to make the "good neighbor" policy possible, forgetting that she owes much to the United States for her own development and advancement. Many millions of American money are invested at the present time in her utilities, petroleum, packing plants loans, etc. She does not choose to remember that English and American packers from Chicago came down and gave her a start in her greatest industry.

There are many groups who are ardent supporters of the democracies in Argentina, and these would like to cooperate with them to the fullest degree. They would like to see the rule of the few oligarchs broken. They would like to have all ties with the Axis cut and the flow of German funds constantly pouring in for subversive activities halted. These groups are inferior in strength to those who back the dictatorship and believe that their country can exist independently of other peoples.

What progress are we making toward the solidarity of the Americas? We can see that some advancement has been made. Through the media of the radio, the press, the movies, lend-lease, the exchange of students, conferences at which hemispheric problems are threshed out and an agreement reached, a closer cooperation and a gradual "Americanization" are being attained and a visible trend toward democratic ways can be observed. There are obstacles which stand in the way, nevertheless: dictatorships secured through mob violence; the Axis influence still active in most of the republics; the existence of feudalism, poverty, illiteracy, barriers of class; frontiers between countries; the complete domination and suppression of the press, free speech, religious freedom, and free elections.

All of these must be abolished before the term "Hemisphere Solidarity" can be rightly applied.

## Run of the Mine

### Our Manpower Record

Between Sunday, January 2, and March 19, inclusive, there were hired by The Union Pacific Coal Company 659 new employes. During the same period 628 separations from all causes took place, leaving the property with a net gain of 31 mine employes over the 11 weeks' period.

Prior to the reclassification of our mine workers, a substantial weekly gain in the total number employed had taken place, the total number of employes on February 20, 3,083, as compared with 2,942 on January 2, a net gain of 141. As a result of reclassification, 110 separations occurred, presenting an unfortunate operating complication. The percentage of absenteeism continues to run at approximately 12 percent, with a total of 21,754 man-shifts lost between January 2 and March 19. Absenteeism increases sharply commencing with payday and for three or four days thereafter, a situation totally unwarranted as both day and night shift employes have ample time to transact necessary business without interference with their employment in and around the mines.

### Washington Union Coal Property Sold

The Tono Mine of the Washington Union Coal Company, with attendant properties, has been sold by that company to Mr. William Strain of the Strain Coal Company of Seattle, Washington, who took possession of the property on March 1, 1944.

The Tono property was opened in June, 1907, and was operated by the owner company until September 1, 1932, when it was leased to the Bucoda Coal Mining Company, the Bucoda lease terminated as of February 29, 1944. The Tono Mine at one time produced in excess of 250,000 tons of coal annually, the major portion of which was consumed by the Union Pacific Railroad, and was looked upon as one of the best managed coal mining properties in the west, winning many prizes in state and interstate mine safety contests.

# Atheists In Foxholes

DURING a recent trip from Rock Springs to Omaha, unable to secure a berth, the writer had the privilege of visiting until midnight in the Pullman washroom, sometimes referred to as the "American House of Lords," with two soldiers, one a colonel past middle age, who had seen service in many parts of the world, including India and China; the other a Roman Catholic chaplain with the rank of first lieutenant, who was returning after serving 22 months in foreign places.

We found the young lieutenant one of the best informed and cultured men that we have been privileged to meet in a long time. In answer to the direct question as to whether war experience contributed to religious belief, the priest and officer unhesitatingly said "no". He explained that much that attaches to combat experience is brutal, degrading and soul destroying, and that he had found few men willing to accept the theories of the Christian religion under combat conditions *who had not been grounded in a belief in God before they went into the service.* In other words, the passive attitude shown before entering the service was carried with them into the foxholes. On the other hand, he said the man who had received religious training as a boy, and who maintained an active connection with some church, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic or Hebrew, before entering the armed forces, drew continuously on his religious beliefs and received a substantial measure of strength therefrom.

With our conversation with this young clergyman soldier yet fresh in mind, we were handed a copy of a letter written to the pastor of an Omaha church by a young corporal, who, before his call to the armed forces, served as president of the Young People's Group in an Omaha church. While the corporal's opinion differs from that of the more experienced priest, it is interesting to know that Christian missionary effort bore fruit under battlefield conditions. The letter which follows should inspire all clergymen and church workers toward further effort.

As I write this letter I am in a war zone and therefore many comments I should like to make have to be omitted because of censorship regulations.

Having seen action for the first time in the Marshall Islands, I can say that I personally was able to meet what I did because I placed my life in God's hands. Also, every officer and enlisted man from the highest to the lowest man went ashore into battle with a prayer for strength, courage and forgiveness. It is true that there are no Atheists in foxholes! However, I for one didn't even have time to dig a foxhole on the Island the first night. Before morning came, and it seemed like an endless night, I was under fire from what seemed all sides. In a situation such as this, it's surprising how much closer you can get to the ground just by digging in with your chin and toes.

To make a long story short, dawn came and after some six or eight hours of fighting, the situation was well in our hands. With the battle over on our Island and in a temporary defensive setup, because of fighting still going on in nearby islands, I had a chance to question prisoners and talk to those who had a chance to contact prisoners on other islands. A large percentage of the prisoners were natives. From what I could find out, it seems that these natives were to some extent Christians even though they had been in Japanese hands for at least twenty years, and all white men from all countries were not allowed to come on the islands.

In some way or another American and British missionaries established schools and hospitals for natives and, by so doing, were able to teach the natives songs and verses from our Bible. They had in their possession Bibles translated in their own tongue, and all natives knew many familiar hymns. A few natives understood a little English and in almost every case we were warmly greeted. The preceding is again proof that God's word is and shall continue to reach all corners of the earth.

I shall close now, asking for your continued prayers and with my personal testimony that God is very near to me and that He is sufficient and supplieth all needs. I love Him and shall trust Him always. God's will I shall return to you all soon.

Sincerely,
JIM.

# Increased Anthracite Coal Production

WITH ANTHRACITE coal being rationed to householders in the larger eastern cities in lots as small as 50 and 100 pounds, Dr. C. J. Potter, Deputy Coal Mines Administrator, made a special appeal to the anthracite workers to expedite production, the response to this appeal strongly supported by the anthracite operators and most encouraging. For example, the output of the mines of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, where the men are working seven days per week, pulled up to 110,000 tons per week, the average weekly production before Pearl Harbor 68,500 tons.

To permit the miners to work Sunday and set the new production records the whole population of the Panther Valley, where the mines are located, has had to set alarm clocks ahead more than an hour. Miners do not observe late rising hours which are common in the cities. The average miner usually leaves home for work before 6:00 o'clock in the morning in order to descend into the mines and arrive at the "working face" by starting time, which is 7:00 o'clock.

These miners are strongly religious people and most of them are regular church-goers. So, in order to comply with the request of the Solid Fuels Administrator, and work the seventh day in each week the miners have had to get up an hour or more earlier Sundays in order to go to church before starting work. Most churches in the Panther Valley region arranged 5:00 o'clock masses to meet this situation. As a result the whole life of the Valley has been speeded up by more than an hour, to step up coal production and meet the demands of the war emergency.

Character is the result of two things—mental attitude and the way we spend our time.

*—Elbert Hubbard*

# "The Profoundest Ideal"

By Bishop William F. Anderson
Methodist Episcopal Church, Retired

*The development of personal character through "self-discovery, self-realization and self-surrender to the highest and best in the thought of God and man" . . . The need for a discipline both of the mind and spirit . . . The divine ideal of character as the truest objective of human effort . . . Inner satisfaction resulting from self-discovery.*

This is a time for every man who loves life and his fellowman to give attention to the basic principles of growth in personality. With this in mind I suggest the consideration of three practical steps for this great spiritual enterprise.

The first obvious lesson will be for every man to undertake the practical work of discipline for himself. It is a great day in the life of any man, when in a real and deep sense, he discovers himself. He finds himself when he finds God and he finds God when he finds himself. Many good people pass through the years without ever making this important discovery. To all such life must be drab, monotonous, uninteresting. Unless a man makes this discovery, he is confined to surface living. He finds life's true significance only when he hears deep calling unto deep.

Joaquin Miller in a masterful bit of sarcasm has portrayed the pitiable condition of the man who is devoted to material values:

The gold that with the sunlight lies
In bursting heaps at dawn,
The silver spilling from the skies
At night to walk upon,
The diamonds gleaming in the dew
He never saw, he never knew—
He had some gold dug from the mud
Some silver crushed from stones,
The gold was red with dead men's blood
The silver black with groans.
And when he died he moaned aloud,
"There'll be no pocket in my shroud."

Having discovered oneself, the next step is to realize oneself. If the divine ideal of character be the objective of human effort, the art of becoming is the highest art possible to mortal man. Strong emphasis is being made in certain educational centers upon self-realization as a high privilege of youth. That is all very well but it is also well to remember that the first condition of worthy self-realization is something of value to be realized.

This subject is the inspiration of a fine and stirring passage in "A Death in the Desert" by Robert Browning:

Lower than God who knows all and can all,
Higher than beasts which know and can so far
As each beast's limit, perfect to an end,
Nor conscious that they know, nor craving more;
While man knows partly but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving, this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,
Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's and not the beasts': God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

The final step is to invest oneself. Culture is good but culture for culture's sake alone does not suffice. If it goes no deeper than this, it merely ends in selfish egotism.

It is highly significant that one of the chapters of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's recent book, "On Being a Real Person," bears the title "Getting one's-self off one's hands." And here we stand face to face with the profoundest ideal for personal character ever uttered in the ears of men and of angels. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it and whosoever will lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's—the same shall find it."

By this method and by this method only can we hope to escape the devastating influences of the insane philosophy which now threatens the life of mankind—by self-discovery, self-realization, self-surrender to the highest and best in the thought of God and man.

—From *"Think"*

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# Railroads Carry Heaviest Ton-Miles Of Revenue Freight In Their History

The volume of freight traffic, measured in ton-miles of revenue freight, handled by the Class I railroads in January, 1944, was the greatest for any January on record, the Association of American Railroads announced on February 24. Traffic in that month amounted to approximately 59,750,000,000 ton-miles, according to preliminary estimates based on reports just received by this Association from Class I railroads. This was an increase of eight and one half per cent compared with the same month in 1943, thirty-nine per cent over January, 1942, and *an increase of one hundred and thirty-four per cent compared with January, 1939.*

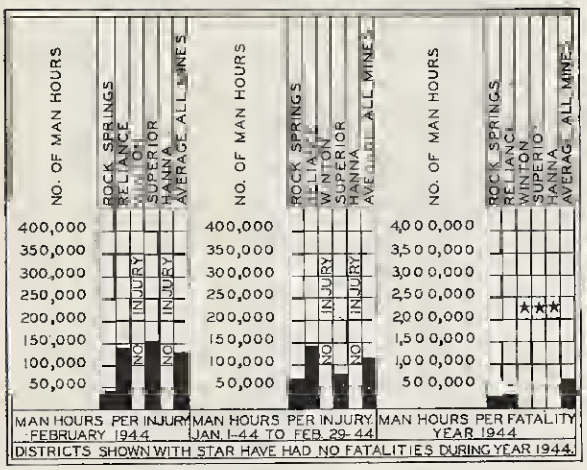
The following table summarizes revised ton-miles statistics for the twelve months of 1943 and 1942, and shows preliminary figures for January, 1944:

| | 1943 | 1942 | Per cent Increase |
|---|---|---|---|
| 11 months actual | 666,433,031,000 | 583,038,993,000 | 14.3 |
| December *a* | 59,900,000,000 | 55,030,990,000 | 8.8 |
| 12 months | 726,333,031,000 | 638,069,983,000 | 13.8 |
| | *1944* | *1943* | |
| January | *b* 59,750,000,000 | 55,120,899,000 | 8.4 |

*a* Revised estimate *b* Preliminary estimate.

# Make It Safe

## February Accident Graph




WITH THE addition of three more haulage accidents out of the five accidents sustained during the month of February, there are now six of the eleven chargeable to haulage. The ones for the past month were very simple and could have been easily avoided. The mantrip accident was probably more noticeable than the others. Inattention on the part of the motorman and the workman injured was the major factor causing the accident; in fact, it has been the determining factor in most of our accidents. Many have forgotten that it is just as important to keep your mind on your work as it is to know your job. These two things are the bases of good safety and good production. *We need both right now.*

How is your housekeeping? Spring is here and this naturally makes us think of spring house cleaning. We should keep our house in order all through the year, but a little looking around will bring to light many things we should put in order. Good housekeeping has prevented many accidents and the lack of it has been the primary cause of many accidents. Check up on yours, you may save yourself an accident.

### LOST-TIME INJURIES AND MAN HOURS BY MINES

FEBRUARY, 1944

| | Man Hours | Injuries | Man Hours Per Injury |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rock Springs No. 4 | 18,468 | 0 | No Injury |
| Rock Springs No. 8 | 53,838 | 3 | 17,946 |
| Rock Springs No. 11 | 39,051 | 0 | No Injury |
| Rock Springs Outside | 30,749 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 142,106 | 3 | 47,369 |
| Reliance No. 1 | 59,607 | 1 | 59,607 |
| Reliance No. 7 | 58,545 | 0 | No Injury |
| Reliance Outside | 28,126 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 146,278 | 1 | 146,278 |
| Stansbury Inside | 27,135 | 0 | No Injury |
| Stansbury Outside | 11,200 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 38,335 | 0 | No Injury |
| Winton No. 1 | 32,094 | 0 | No Injury |
| Winton No. 7½ | 42,327 | 0 | No Injury |
| Winton Outside | 17,195 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 91,616 | 0 | No Injury |
| Superior "D" | 16,830 | 0 | No Injury |
| Superior D. O. Clark: | | | |
| Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams | 55,404 | 0 | No Injury |
| Nos. 9 and 15 Seams | 54,459 | 1 | 54,459 |
| Superior Outside | 29,602 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 156,295 | 1 | 156,295 |
| Hanna No. 4-A | 56,052 | 0 | No Injury |
| Hanna Outside | 24,991 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 81,043 | 0 | No Injury |
| *All Districts, 1944* | 655,673 | 5 | 131,135 |
| *All Districts, 1943* | 546,126 | 1 | 546,126 |

### LOST-TIME INJURIES AND MAN HOURS BY MINES

JANUARY 1 TO FEBRUARY 29, 1944

| | Man Hours | Injuries | Man Hours Per Injury |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rock Springs No. 4 | 37,359 | 0 | No Injury |
| Rock Springs No. 8 | 107,712 | 3 | 35,904 |
| Rock Springs No. 11 | 75,033 | 1 | 75,033 |
| Rock Springs Outside | 59,374 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 279,478 | 4 | 69,870 |
| Reliance No. 1 | 117,090 | 2 | 58,545 |
| Reliance No. 7 | 117,333 | 0 | No Injury |
| Reliance Outside | 56,455 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 290,878 | 2 | 145,439 |
| Stansbury Inside | 46,359 | 0 | No Injury |
| Stansbury Outside | 22,527 | 1 | 22,527 |
| Total | 68,886 | 1 | 68,886 |
| Winton No. 1 | 64,404 | 0 | No Injury |
| Winton No. 7½ | 83,178 | 0 | No Injury |
| Winton Outside | 34,191 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 181,773 | 0 | No Injury |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Superior "D" | 34,173 | 0 | No Injury |
| Superior D. O. Clark: | | | |
| Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams | 112,050 | 2 | 56,025 |
| Nos. 9 and 15 Seams | 107,865 | 2 | 53,933 |
| Superior Outside | 57,319 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 311,407 | 4 | 77,852 |
| Hanna No. 4-A | 112,221 | 0 | No Injury |
| Hanna Outside | 48,991 | 0 | No Injury |
| Total | 161,212 | 0 | No Injury |
| *All Districts, 1944* | 1,293,634 | 11 | 117,603 |
| *All Districts, 1943* | 1,134,494 | 6 | 189,082 |

STATEMENT SHOWING NUMBER OF CALENDAR DAYS WORKED BY DEPARTMENTS OR MINES SINCE THE LAST LOST-TIME INJURY

Figures to February 29, 1944

| | *Underground Employes Calendar Days* |
|---|---|
| Rock Springs No. 4 | 63 |
| Rock Springs No. 8 | 5 |
| Rock Springs No. 11 | 54 |
| Reliance No. 1 | 5 |
| Reliance No. 7 | 154 |
| Stansbury No. 3 Seam | 193 |
| Stansbury No. 7½ Seam | 203 |
| Winton No. 1 | 414 |
| Winton No. 7½ | 87 |
| Superior "D" | 495 |
| Superior D. O. Clark | 14 |
| Hanna No. 4-A | 111 |

| | *Outside Employes Calendar Days* |
|---|---|
| Rock Springs No. 4 Tipple | 4,872 |
| Rock Springs No. 8 Tipple | 98 |
| Rock Springs No. 11 Tipple | 759 |
| Reliance Tipple | 1,013 |
| Winton Tipple | 5,072 |
| Superior "D" Tipple | 2,526 |
| Superior D. O. Clark Tipple | 233 |
| Hanna No. 4-A Tipple | 2,300 |

| | *General Outside Employes Calendar Days* |
|---|---|
| Rock Springs | 4,184 |
| Reliance | 535 |
| Stansbury | 48 |
| Winton | 4,669 |
| Superior | 158 |
| Hanna | 3,044 |

# Keep Your Name Off This List

The following men, on account of their having sustained a lost-time injury during the period from January 1 to February 29, 1944, will not be eligible to participate in the drawing for the grand prize, which will be awarded at the close of the six months' period ending June 30, 1944:

John Begovich, Rock Springs
Andrew Bernard, Rock Springs
Frank Shiamanna, Rock Springs
Jack Clingan, Reliance
Steve Drazovich, Stansbury
Ross Baca, Superior
John L. Clark, Superior
Antonio Gallegos, Superior
Leonard F. Owen, Superior

# February Injuries

John Begovich, *Dalmatian, age 59, single, material man, Section No. 2, Rock Springs No. 8 Mine.* Compound fracture and dislocation of left ankle, fracture of tibia and fibula.

John was bringing out four rail trucks on the back of a loaded sixteen car trip. He was riding on the first truck in back of the loads, and he was going to put the trucks in 1 North Entry which is just below the main landing. Just before he reached 1 North Entry, he started to change positions on the truck. When he raised his head, he struck a crossbar and was knocked off. The first rail truck passed over his left ankle.

Andrew Bernard, *Austrian, age 59, married, machine man, Section No. 1, Rock Springs No. 8 Mine.* Laceration of right side of head.

At quitting time, the motorman pushed two empty cars, which were to be used for a man-trip, in between the two loader heads. The men got into the cars, and as they started out, Bernard was taking an apple out of his dinner bucket and did not notice the loader head pan. As the cars passed under the pan, he struck his head.

Frank Shiamanna, *Italian, age 58, widower, inside laborer, Section No. 1, Rock Springs No. 8 Mine.* Fracture of sixth rib, right side, and spinous processes of one, two, and three lumbar vertebrae.

Shiamanna and his partner were working in the sump below an entry, the sump being connected by means of a slant. Two cars of gravel were brought in on the end of an empty trip and lowered into the slant. Frank put the end of a rope from the car retarder on the front end of the first car of gravel. When the trip was lowered more to uncouple the gravel cars from the empties, the first gravel car derailed, and Frank was caught between the car and a prop.

Patrick McGarvey, *Irish, age 47, married, machine man, Section No. 1, Reliance No. 1 Mine.* FATAL.

The crew in which Pat was working had moved their shaking conveyor drive ahead in the top entry to make a new set up. They were

leveling the machine and had a jack under each end on the low side. Working the two jacks together, they raised the engine about 11" and Pat was apparently looking under the drive to see whether they had room to put a tie under it, when the engine slipped toward the low side. The top of the jack struck Pat in the chest.

JOHN L. CLARK, *American, age 29, single, faceman, Section No. 2, No. 9 Seam, D. O. Clark Mine, Superior.* Squeezed tarsal arch, left foot.

This crew was loading coal from the face of a room. The Duckbill was ratcheted back until it was about two and one-half feet from the ratchet, and they were then going to move the Duckbill over to the left. The ratchet man was pulling on the ratchet handle, and Clark put his foot on the ratchet pan just in back of the Duckbill and started to push. The ratchet man either accidentally raised the ratchet handle or the dogs on the ratchet slipped and the Duckbill came back, catching Clark's foot against the ratchet.

# February Safety Awards

FEBRUARY safety awards for all districts were made during the first week of March. Eight cash awards were made for the mines and five for the outside sections, and five suits of clothes were awarded.

Mr. Bayless spoke at the Reliance and Hanna meetings. He noted the changing conditions in the mines and asked the men to assist the management in meeting them in order to stop fatalities and mine failures. Mr. Murray spoke at the Rock Springs and Superior meetings, and Mr. Livingston spoke at the Winton and Reliance meetings. Both men emphasized the tense labor situation and the necessity of our working steadily and safely.

Haulage was still the main topic of discussion. Mention was made that over half of our accidents thus far this year were from that cause.

Following is a list of the winners:

| Mine | First Prize $15 Each | Second Prize $10 Each | Third Prize and General Outside Award $5 Each | Unit Foreman $10 Each |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rock Springs No. 4 and Stansbury | Fred Bergamo | John Wilde | Wm. Welsh, Sr. | Alex Clark |
| Rock Springs No. 11 | Jerome Burnett | John Peters | William Faddis | Raymond Noble |
| Rock Springs and Stansbury Outside | | | {Ben Musolf<br>{John North | |
| Reliance No. 7 | Kenneth Hatch | Glenn Clary | Solomon Fresques | Ted Jensen |
| Reliance Outside | | | {Roy Clark<br>{Otto Ruffini | |
| Winton No. 1 | Chris Delgado | Tony Evanoff | Rollie Erwin | Henry DuPont |
| Winton No. 7½ | Chris Kuncheff | Mike Profiri | Kermit Rollins | Geo. Motichka |
| Winton Outside | | | {Albert Volcic<br>{Richard Gregory | |
| Superior "D" | Modeste Van Dyck | Lewis E. Long | Joe Passera | Frank Fedele |
| Superior D. O. Clark Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams | Francis M. Mobley | R. S. Dexter, Jr. | Chas. S. Killham | Richard Haag |
| Superior Outside | | | {Mary Ann Miskulin<br>{Sol Williams | |
| Hanna No. 4-A | Jorgen Johnson | George Veitch | Louis Scarpelli | Frank J. Hearne |
| Hanna Outside | | | {Wm. A. Briggs<br>{John While, Jr. | |
| TOTAL | $120 | $80 | $90 | $80 |

Suits of clothes awarded: Oliver Sains, Reliance No. 7; Forrest Butler, Winton No. 1; Jack Demshar, Winton No. 7½; John Cieluszak, Superior "D"; and William Freeman, Sr., Hanna No. 4-A.

Rock Springs No. 8; Reliance Nos. 1 and 11; and Superior D. O. Clark, Nos. 9 and 15 Seams were ineligible to participate.

# Scotland Mining Executives Speak At Meeting Here

In honor of two distinguished visitors, H. R. King, agent, and G. R. Buchanan, planning engineer, of the Fife Coal Company, Cowdenbeath, Fifeshire, Scotland, a dinner was given by the Wyoming Section of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers at the Dead Horse Canyon Golf Club, Rock Springs, on March 14th.

Mr. King and Mr. Buchanan came to this country to study the American methods of mining and to learn at first hand what the possibilities are of applying our mechanical methods to their operations. Mr. King, whose capacity is similar to that of a general manager of an American coal mining prop-

*Left to right: Eugene McAuliffe, H. R. King, George B. Pryde, G. R. Buchanan, I. N. Bayless*

erty, pointed out that Scotland today is burdened with a most unfavorable production level, the average throughout the properties of his firm being one long ton loaded for every man day. He gave a miscellany of reasons for this low level of production: Many young men from the mines have entered the service, and the replacements have not been satisfactory; the cover thickness of many of the mines runs from 1,500 to 2,000 feet; the high degree of pitch makes mining very difficult; the various electrical plants and appliances are extremely bulky; and the water problem is ever present—in one mine it was necessary to pump four tons of water for every ton of coal extracted. It is to this situation that Mr. King hoped the American methods, with emphasis on duckbills and other loading devices, might be applied.

Mr. Buchanan touched on matters apart from mining, giving special praise to the Home Guard, an organization, now composed of men from 17 to 58 years of age, which was born in Britain's darkest hour—the hour of Dunkirk, when all anticipated an immediate invasion from the continent.

In commenting upon British rationing, Mr. Buchanan insisted that because of the magnificent manner in which it has been handled they are today neither ill clothed nor undernourished. "As a matter of fact," he stated, "we have been denied various items so gradually and with such a measure of efficiency on the part of those in charge we have hardly noticed the change."

Speaking of the bombings of English cities, Mr. Buchanan showed that British quality which has stirred the hearts of men the world over. Call it casualness, if you wish; whatever it is, it has enabled the British to say, "Oh, yes, the bombings were bad. But many times the people preferred the comfortable chairs in hotel lobbies to air raid shelters. Even the little folks seemed somewhat disappointed when the raids were over, for they liked the sound of booming guns and the flashing fire of ack-ack."

In concluding his talk, Mr. Buchanan explained that the immense popularity that the Americans enjoy in Britain is born of the fine treatment accorded the evacuee children sent here and the welcome given to the R. A. F. personnel which had visited the United States.

Mr. McAuliffe, who is a former national president of A. I. M. E., also spoke during the evening, mentioning a few of the countless problems that confuse and often discourage the coal operators in this country today. Touching upon his travels among various federal agencies, Mr. McAuliffe gave the impression, shared by many, that there never was a time when so many knew so little about so much.

Mr. Pryde also spoke briefly, telling a few light anecdotes about Scotland, but insisted that they came from the United States, where the best of Scottish jokes originate. Other speakers were the Rev. Henry A. Link, John Lucas, and L. H. Brown. The toastmaster was General Superintendent V. O. Murray.

The impression that the two Scotsmen made will be lasting. They have left a bit of Scotland in Wyoming, and we don't intend to send it back right away.

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A poor, lame man worked twelve hours daily in a close, hot room as a saddler's apprentice. He had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to one's honor, but he never understood the meaning of those words.

One day the saddler looked out of his window and saw a runaway horse drawing a small wagon on which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A man across the street ran up to the horse and caught it by the bridle, compelling the horse to stop.

The saddler soliloquized: "What if the bridle on that horse had not been well sewed, or poor thread had been used? The bridle might have broken and the mother and child might have been killed. What if it had been I who sewed the bridle!"

Filled with these thoughts, the saddler ever after performed his work with more faithfulness and satisfaction. He had found the secret of joy in his work.

# Our Men In The Armed Forces

A TOTAL of eleven employes left during the month of February to serve their country. Their names are as follows:

RELIANCE

Clark, Howard Keith

WINTON

Bowen, Wayne Homer
Evanoff, John George
Lance, Robert Harlan
Martin, William
Jarmillo, Albert

SUPERIOR

Chavez, Juan
Herrera, Joe Alfred
White, Edward Joseph
Wise, Ebbert Fredrick
Manning, William Wilbert

Effective February 29, 1944, the number of employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company who have entered the armed forces is as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Rock Springs | 105 |
| Reliance | 218 |
| Stansbury | 7 |
| Winton | 151 |
| Superior | 159 |
| Hanna | 96 |
| Omaha | 1 |
| Total | 737 |

At a retreat parade and review of troops on Tuesday afternoon, February 22, the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal were presented to Mrs. Erma Fabiny, wife of 2nd Lt. Andrew T. Fabiny, prisoner of war in Germany, by Lt. Col. Ellsworth C. French, Executive Officer, at McChord Field, Washington. Capt. T. M. Watt, Adjutant, read the citations.

2nd Lt. Fabiny was awarded the Air Medal for exceptionally meritorious achievement while participating in five separate combat missions over enemy occupied Continental Europe. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his distinguished and meritorious achievement while participating against the Ploesti Oil Refineries of Rumania in August, 1943.

Lt. Fabiny, a native of Rock Springs, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Fabiny, Sr., of Rock Springs.

It was a pleasure to have been able to publish Lt. Fabiny's picture in the January issue of this Magazine. It now gives us an added pleasure to print the picture of his wife, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Novak, of Tacoma, Washington, formerly of Rock Springs.

*Lt. Col. E. C. French and Mrs. Andrew T. Fabiny*
(Photo reproduced with permission of Air Base Photographic Laboratory, McChord Field, Washington.)

*Corporal James Spence*

Corporal James Spence, who was home recently on a ten-day furlough, is a graduate of the Reliance High School, where he was active in football and basketball. He attended Brigham Young University for two years and there, too, showed a deep interest in football, playing on the university team. During vacations he worked in the Company mines and prior to his entering the service in August, 1943, was employed by the Union Pacific Railroad at Green River.

Corporal Spence is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Spence, of E-Plane. Mr. Spence is Foreman at the Rock Springs No. 11 Mine. His wife, the former Esther Rollins, and son, Russell, are now living in Green River.

# Staff Sgt. Fred Dean Rider Awarded Oak Leaf Cluster

Staff Sgt. Fred Dean Rider, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Rider, of Hanna, was awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal for completing five missions over enemy-occupied Europe, Brigadier General James P. Hodges, commanding general, 8th AAF Liberator Division, announced somewhere in England recently. The cluster was presented by Colonel Irvine A. Rendle, of Rawlins, Liberator group commander. The citation read:

"For exceptionally meritorious achievement while participating in five separate bomber combat missions over enemy-occupied continental Europe. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by this man on these occasions reflects great credit upon himself and the armed forces of the United States."

*Col. Irvine A. Rendle, of Rawlins, and S/Sgt. Fred Dean Rider, of Hanna*

Sergeant Rider was a student at the Hanna High School and attended the University for two years, volunteering for service in September, 1942. He was employed in the Hanna Mines during the summer months of 1941 and 1942.

Dean has received three Oak Leaf clusters, the presentations being made on December 12, 1943, January 5, 1944, and January 20, 1944. All three clusters were presented to him by Colonel Irvine A. Rendle.

Sgt. Rider's father, Frank C. Rider, has been employed by the Company at Hanna since 1917.

# Technical Sergeant Bernard Lucas Honored

On the 11th of March, six Wyoming war heroes were honored at a special ceremony on the parade ground of the Casper Army Air Base. A Distinguished Flying Cross and the Purple Heart were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lucas of Hanna, whose son, Tech. Sgt. Bernard Lucas, was reported killed in action. Bernard is a former employe in the Hanna No. 4 Mine.

*Lt. Terry Waller*

2nd Lt. Terry Waller, U. S. M. C. R., is the son of Mrs. Dorothy Waller, of Rock Springs, and the grandson of Old Timer George N. Darling and the late Katherine Darling.

Lt. Waller received S. A. T. C. training as a naval flier at the University of Wyoming and later was sent to St. Mary's, in California, and subsequently to Paseo, Wash., and Corpus Christi, Texas, for additional training.

While at Corpus Christi, he was given an opportunity to remain in the Navy or become a Marine pilot. He chose the latter, receiving a second lieutenant's commission in the Marine Corps on February 3rd of this year. He is now located at Jacksonville, Fla., making operational flights. He expects to be in Rock Springs on leave by the time this publication goes to press.

Lt. Waller is the nephew of K. E. Darling, General Manager, Southern Wyoming Utilities Co.

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*Pvt. Wallace L. Smith*

Pvt. Wallace L. Smith visited the General Offices while home on a short furlough during February. Following his graduation from the Rock Springs High School he worked at the Rock Springs No. 11 Mine until he was inducted into the Army Medical Corps in August, 1943.

Pvt. Smith is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Smith, of Rock Springs. Mr. Smith is employed at the Rock Springs No. 11 Mine.

*Lt. Eliza Caine*

2nd Lt. Eliza Caine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Caine, of Superior, is now in the New Hebrides Islands, in the South Pacific.

Lt. Caine was reared in Superior and is a graduate of the Superior High School. She received nurses training at the Wyoming General Hospital, at Rock Springs, and followed her vocation in hospitals in Colorado, California and Florida. She is a member of the 31st General Hospital Unit and received her training at Camp Carson, Colo.

Lt. Caine's father, who is Mine Foreman at the Superior D Mine, is a member of the Old Timers' Association. Miss Caine is a niece of Mrs. A. C. Carter and Mrs. K. E. Darling, of Rock Springs.

## Dear Dad

When I was home, dad, now that I think about it,
We never, you and I, said what we thought;
Men folks, it seems, are wont to hide their feelings—
To show emotion's not a strong man's lot;
But out here with the ocean deep beneath me,
With only God and His million stars above,
Such inhibitions seem but senseless trifles—
Out here a man feels free to speak his love.

And so it is, dad, out of this far vastness
I send this message to you there back home,
All the thousand things you've thought and felt about me
Are etched upon my mind as in some tome;
And now somehow I feel all free to speak them,
Now that we're all these worlds and seas apart,
Though by miles you're farther off than ever,
You've never been so close to your son's heart!

—Freddie (Fred Jacobsen, Jr.)

## Vernon Gras

VERNON GRAS, the 1940 Union Pacific Coal Co. scholarship student, enlisted in the R. O. T. C. in May, 1942, and was called into active service at the end of his junior year at the Colorado School of Mines at Golden, in May, 1943. He received a four-month basic training with the Engineering Corps at Camp Abbott, Oregon, where he passed by a large margin the competitive tests. As a result, he was offered entrance to the Officers' Training School at West Point, but turned it down. Acceptance would have meant a willingness to remain in the army for eight years. Vernon intends to return to civilian life after the war and complete his mining training.

*Vernon Gras*

In September, 1943, he was sent back to the School of Mines with a Star Unit of A. S. T. to study and await appointment to one of the Officer Candidate Training Schools for engineers. In the meantime he decided to transfer to the Air Corps. Out of fifteen applicants, he ranked highest in the tests given. He was ordered to report to the Santa Ana Army Air Base, where he was classified as a navigator. He was one of six men out of 240 that averaged 100 per cent in mathematics while at Santa Ana. Now stationed at the army navigator school at San Marcos, Texas, he will receive eighteen weeks of intensive training in navigation. Upon graduation, he will receive a commission and silver wings.

Vernon is a member of Theta Tau, national honorary engineering fraternity, and Alpha Tau Omega.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Karppi, Sr., old time residents of Rock Springs, are the grandparents of Vernon. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gras, of Denver.

We wish Vernon every success in the service. For his magnificent start he must be highly commended.

**Barber—Will you have something on your face after I finish shaving you?**

**Customer—I doubt it.**

# The Beloved Padre

*"And so he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."*

Wherever the Allied armies are engaged, there is with them, aiding, comforting, taking their last messages to those whom they are leaving behind, praying for them, holding the gate open, as it were, as they pass over — there stands "The Padre," the man of God, Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew. When the day of final judgment comes, the chaplains of the forces will stand with the anointed of God's Kingdom.

We are indebted to *The Legionary*, the magazine of the fighting men of Canada, for the story of a great clergyman who passed away in Quebec, Canada, on January 19 at the age of 82, death at last claiming a gallant soul enshrined in a body enfeebled by age and the hardships endured while serving as chaplain to the Canadian forces in World War I. From the February issue of *The Legionary*, we abstract the story of this goodly man.

* * * * *

"Canon Scott is dead!"

Over the radio, through the newspapers and by word of mouth the sad tidings from the Ancient Capital spread on January 19 to the far corners of the Dominion and to far off battlefronts across the ocean.

So now he is gone, the symbol of the old, and first, Canadian Corps—the Corps which has been, and is, to hundreds of thousands of Canadian men the greatest thing in life. Many a veteran of that Corps, on hearing the news of Canon Scott's death, stopped, broken with unashamed emotion, and felt that something fine and great had gone out of his own life.

No parallel to the life of Canon Scott exists or has existed anywhere. No man has ever achieved the distinction that was his. His contribution to Canada, both in war and peace, can be measured by no common yardstick. He is being mourned by more real admirers, more real friends, and more real comrades than any other Canadian has ever been, and that is saying a great deal.

Throughout Canada the greying veterans of the First Great War are re-telling, through unshielded tears, the stories which explain in some measure why it was that Canon Scott became their "Beloved Padre," why he had reached the stature of a legendary figure many years before his death, even while the war was still being fought. The stories are legion about this lovable man who was, first, a man among men, then a minister whose singular form of ministration to the wounded, the sick and the weary was as effective as his bearing under fire was courageous.

One of the countless stories told of Canon Scott was related some years after the war by a Canadian sergeant. It is re-told here because it is typical of so many.

"It was on the Somme, north of Albert, on October 11, 1916," the sergeant said. "We had been without decent food or water for about two days. Our ranks were decimated after an attack on the well-known stronghold, Regina Trench. Our battalion, the 'Mad Fourth,' was finally relieved and we began our weary way back to billets in Albert, in small knots. No marching discipline was adhered to.

"A short time after getting on the main road we noticed an old shack, and clustered around it was a laughing bunch of the boys who seemed to have suddenly dropped all signs of fatigue on sighting the interior. We hurried forward to the open side and were amazed to see two hands passing out cigarette tins filled with steaming coffee. We drew nearer, the better to see this heaven-sent being who passed out delectable coffee to thirsty soldiers at 2:30 o'clock on a raw October morning in a shell-torn area, with but a flimsy roof for protection. Peering through the gloom we first saw a huge boiler, and as the steam cleared we saw the figure of a man, tunic off, sleeves rolled up, with temples covered with beads of perspiration, but whose face was wreathed in happy smiles.

"That man was Canon Scott, our beloved padre. He could easily have been cosily sleeping miles from the shell-fire, but he chose to be near his boys, helping them along, strengthening them. After a handclasp and a cigarette from him we passed on our way. Our journey was lightened, our spirits were happier. not only by the hot stimulant, but by contact with such a man among men."

Just a simple little story, but it illustrates that indefinable something which Canon Scott possessed, that radiant comradeship which, coupled with his serene optimism and whimsical humour, made each individual soldier feel that he was a personal friend, concerned about *his* welfare, *his* comfort, and *his* happiness, as indeed he was.

When the First Great War broke out Canon Scott as chaplain of the Royal Rifles volunteered for service overseas in August, 1914, and at first served as chaplain at Valcartier Camp.

In "The Great War as I Saw It", he wrote that he sailed from Canada with the 1st Contingent, September 29, 1914. He was on board to the *Andania* with sections of the 14th and 16th Battalions and other details.

Canon Scott served as chaplain at Salisbury Plain and on the departure of the contingent for France he was notified of his posting to No. 2 General Hospital. He wrote that he didn't know where the hospital was located, but made up his mind to "hunt for it in France".

Attaching himself to Brigade Headquarters he crossed to France, being compelled with other of-

ficers to bunk on the saloon table for want of better sleeping quarters. Arriving in France he reported for duty, and from then on had no trouble finding his job. He acknowledges he never did find out when No. 2 General Hospital crossed the Channel.

In his more than three and a half years of service on the Western Front Canon Scott ran many risks and had many close calls. He seemed to have a charmed life, but finally, during the battle of Canal du Nord in September, 1918, he was wounded by a German shell which exploded beside him, wounding him in many places—arms, legs and body. That —the fact that he had looked death squarely in the face on innumerable occasions and had bled and suffered like an ordinary frontline soldier — endeared him still further to the troops and was undoubtedly a strong factor in the immense admiration with which he was regarded by his fellow-veterans in the postwar years.

Speaking of a charmed life, it is perhaps not generally known that Canon Scott very nearly lost his life many years ago—back in 1897, to be exact. Characteristically, it was in a gallant attempt to save the life of a fellow-citizen who, on a dark evening in the late autumn, had fallen off the Champlain ferry wharf at Quebec. Without hesitation Canon Scott, fully clothed, jumped into the icy water of the St. Lawrence river and, after a great struggle, succeeded in rescuing the man. For this exploit he was awarded the Royal Humane Society's gold medal for life-saving. The Canon's eldest son, Mr. W. B. Scott, K.C., of Montreal, who also served with the C.E.F., told the writer this incident in his father's life a few days ago in answer to a question about the medal.

His King, country and comrades bestowed visible honours on Canon Scott. He was created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. France conferred upon him the decoration, *Officer d'Academie*. He was awarded the 1914-19 Star, the General Service Medal, the Victory Medal, the King George V Jubilee Medal, the King George VI Coronation Medal, and the Volunteer Officers' Decoration. He was a Doctor of Divinity, a Doctor of Laws, *honoris causis*, conferred by McGill University, and a Doctor of Civil Law, conferred by Bishop's University. Also—and this pleased him perhaps more than the glittering decorations—he was Dominion Honorary Chaplain of the Canadian Legion, and he was Honorary President, as well as an ordinary member, of Flanders Branch of the Legion in Montreal. Yes, the world honoured Canon Scott, honoured that deep simplicity of spirit which is the cachet of all great men—that generous, earnest and sincere character that was manifest in all his works throughout his whole life. And the honours that were heaped upon him were borne with grace and humility.

The Venerable Archdeacon Frederick George Scott was his official Church of England title and full name, but to his old comrades-in-arms he was always plain Canon Scott, and as such he will be remembered as long as there is a veteran left of the Old Corps. As a matter of fact, he himself much preferred being addressed as "Canon" instead of by the more distinguished title of "Archdeacon."

On the outbreak of the present war Canon Scott immediately volunteered to go on active service again. He had been chaplain of the Royal Rifles of Quebec since 1905, but now his advanced age was against him and he devoted his efforts to writing verse and prose, and in many other ways did everything he could to sustain the nation's morale. Many of his poems written during the dark days of 1940 and 1941 found wide circulation throughout Canada and the British Empire, and in the United States as well. His last publication, "Lift Up Your Hearts," contains most of his poems of the present war, and all the proceeds have been turned over to the Queen's Canadian Fund for Air Raid Victims.

As Senior Chaplain of the 1st Canadian Division in the last war, Canon Scott naturally took a keen interest in the 1st Canadian Division of the new war. The fact that the latter is identified by the same battle patch as its predecessor was a source of great pride to him. When the present 1st Division received its baptism of fire on landing in Sicily, the Canon cabled a fighting message to the G.O.C., Major-General Guy Simonds, expressing confidence that it would "carry on" in the best tradition of the Old Red Patch. His message was read to the troops.

. Perhaps the most bitter experience of The Beloved Padre's life was that of the search extending over three weeks in the shell-torn area of the valley of the Somme, seeking the burial place of his son, Captain H. H. Scott, of the 87th Battalion, Canadian Grenadier Guards, who was killed in action in the fall of 1916. Dodging enemy fire, this valiant soul at last found the grave over which he "held a simple lonely service over his dead boy, committing him to his last resting-place, with all the heart-searching ceremony of the Christian faith." Few of us can appreciate the agony of the father as he repeated the opening words of the age-old service: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall not die."

Reference has been made to the many poems written by Canon Scott. The high spiritual note that was the very essence of this great and good man's life is well expressed in the three short selections reproduced below:

DEDICATION

We who have trod the borderlands of death,
Where courage high walks hand in hand with fear,
Shall we not hearken what the Spirit saith:
"All ye were brothers there, be brothers here?"

Let us draw closer in these narrower years,
Before us still the eternal visions spread;
We who outmastered death, and all its fears,
Are one great army still, living and dead.

HIS LAST WORD

The last word on his dying lips was "Peace";
It was his message to a darkened world,
When on his vision burst the dawn of Christ.

ARMISTICE

Over the broken dead,
Over the trenches and wire,
Bugles of God rang out—
"Cease Fire."

Woe to those nations of men
Who, in their heat or desire,
Break that stern order of God—
"Cease Fire."

On Saturday, January 22, they laid him to rest in Mount Royal cemetery overlooking the city of his birth, Montreal, and the waters of the St. Lawrence which lead to the sea upon which he embarked on the Great Adventure 30 years ago. A grateful nation, mourning the loss of one of her greatest sons, united in paying him their final honour and tribute. High officers of State and Church were there, and the men of the Legion—his old comrades from Valcartier Camp, Salisbury Plain, Second Ypres, Kitchener's Wood, Festubert, Givenchy, Poziers Bridge, Regina Trench, Courcelette, Vimy, Arleux, Fresnoy, Hill 70, Passchendaele, Canal du Nord—were there in their thousands. With all the solemn grandeur of a military funeral they buried him, and as the clear call of Last Post followed the crash of the firing party's salute, one could not help but think that many more thousands of Canon Scott's old comrades were waiting to acclaim him with joy when he passed over—when all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

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# The Glorious Whitewasher

Mark Twain

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing "Buffalo Gals." Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes, before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and Negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarreling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour—and even then somebody generally had to go after him. Tom said:

"Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."

Jim shook his head and said:

"Can't, Mars Tom. Ole missis, she tole me I got to go an' git dis water an' not stop foolin' roun' wid anybody. She says she spec' Mars Tom gwine to ax me to whitewash, an' so she tole me go 'long an' tend to my own business—she 'lowed *she'd* 'tend to de whitewashin'."

"O, never you mind what she said, Jim. That's the way she always talks. Gimme the bucket—I won't be gone only a minute. *She* won't ever know."

"Oh, I dasn't, Mars Tom. Ole missis she'd take an' tar de head off'n me. Deed she would."

"*She!* She never licks anybody—whacks 'em over the head with her thimble—and who cares for that, I'd like to know. She talks awful, but talk don't hurt—anyways it don't if she don't cry. Jim, I'll give you a marvel. I'll give you a white alley!"

Jim began to waver.

"White alley, Jim! And it's a bully taw."

"My! Dat's a mighty gay marvel, I tell you! But Mars Tom I's powerful fraid ole missis—"

"And, besides, if you will I'll show you my sore toe."

Jim was only human—this attraction was too much for him. He put down the pail, took the white alley, and bent over the toe with absorbing interest while the bandage was being unwound. In another moment he was flying down the street with his pail and a tingling rear, Tom was whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrow multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun for him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy,

of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump — proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the *Big Missouri*, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arm straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the starboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!" His right hand, meantime, describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line! *Lively* now! Come—out with your springline—what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! sh't! sh't!" (trying the gauge-cocks.)

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-*yi*! *You're* up a stump, ain't you!"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say—I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work*—wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you *like* it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to white wash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here—no, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six firecrackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orangepeel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is *obliged* to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a treadmill is work, while rolling tenpins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work and then they would resign.

The boy mused awhile over the substantial change which had taken place in his worldly circumstances, and then wended toward headquarters to report.

—(From *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer)*

# Mary White

William Allen White

*William Allen White, who passed away just a few months ago, for many years was a writer of world fame, the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette his mouthpiece. The article reproduced below was written by him following the death of his beloved daughter, Mary, a few years ago. The story of Mary White ranks high in the annals of American literature. There are many Mary Whites in the world.*

* * * * *

The Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—"I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew everyone in town. For a deeade the little figure with the long pigtail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet further on, and waved at her. The horse was walking and as she turned into North Merchant street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gaily north on Merchant street. A Gazette carrier passed—a High School boy friend—and she waved at him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and, while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need had been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless, little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life. But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men: Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and Rev. J. H. J. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends, and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in the hyperbole and metaphor. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, "Creative Chemistry" by E. E. Slossen, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings. Wells and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley in 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line for election to the editorship of the annual next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y. W. C. A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do, by scribbling in her school books, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child, with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring, was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride— always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draught of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly seventeen years—wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn't begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged High School boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date," nor went to a dance, except once with her brother, Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people — great, spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of "kids"—gave her great pleasure. Her zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw; jam, cakes, preserves, oranges and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try and get a rest room for colored girls in the High School. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpy to those who she thought could remedy the evil. The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents; not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a "testimony." But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her High School class ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up; though she was nearly 17. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not, with my hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her, which was big, seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her Brother Bill's Harvard classmen — Heavens, how proud that would have made her! and the red roses from the Gazette force—in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on "Love" from the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could, a prayer sent down for her by her friend, Carl Nau, and opening the service the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikowski's Pathetic Symphony, which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her friends in the High School.

That was all.

For her pallbearers only her friends were chosen; her Latin teacher, W. L. Holtz; her High School principal, Rice Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the Gazette office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her goodbye.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

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The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to it like thinkin' more about other folks than about yerself.

—Alice Hegan Rice.

# Poems For April

Son of an English farm laborer, born on July 13, 1793, in a cottage so poor as to be described as "a narrow, wretched hut, more like a prison than a human dwelling," John Clare was put to work at twelve, getting such little schooling as he could at night. From his sixteenth to his twenty-fourth year the youth worked as a gardener, enlisted in the militia, and was employed in a limekiln.

It was then that Clare began to write poetry, and after a delay of two years, John Taylor, publisher for Keats and Shelley, brought out his "Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery." Three editions were sold in as many months and the London and Edinburgh intelligentsia made him the season's fashion. Then came disaster, and after years of poverty and privation, added to by intemperance, his mind broke, and he was committed to a private asylum in his forty-fourth year. It was during his confinement in Northampton County Asylum that Clare wrote his most lucid verse. We submit two selections. Neglected by his contemporaries, Clare's fresh vision and spontaneity have received much favorable comment in recent years.

## I AM

I am: yet what I am none cares or knows,
My friends forsake me like a memory lost;
I am the self-consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shades in love and death's oblivion lost;
And yet I am, and live with shadows tost.

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;
And e'en the dearest—that I loved the best—
Are strange—nay, rather stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod;
A place where woman never smiled or wept;
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept:
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie;
The grass below—above the vaulted sky.

## THE DYING CHILD

He could not die when trees were green,
For he loved the time too well.
His little hands, when flowers were seen,
Were held for the bluebell,
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;
He knew those children of the Spring:
When he was well and on the lea
He held one in his hands to sing,
Which filled his heart with glee.

Infants, the children of the Spring!
How can an infant die
When butterflies are on the wing,
Green grass, and such a sky?
How can they die at Spring?

He held his hands for daisies white,
And then for violets blue,
And took them all to bed at night
That in the green fields grew,
As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,
And flowers would notice not;
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,
He now no blossoms got:
They met with plaintive sighs.

When Winter came and blasts did sigh,
And bare were plain and tree,
As he for ease in bed did lie
His soul seemed with the free,
He died so quietly.

All America is familiar with their own great poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born February 27, 1807, in Portland, Maine; of an old New England family, Longfellow was descended from Priscilla and John Alden. Entering Bowdoin College at fifteen, and traveling abroad at twenty, he returned to bring the romantic tradition to his native America. Of the poet's lesser, but equally exquisite poems, we present two selections:

## THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

## HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before.
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

## THE SINKING OF THE SCHARNHORST

The verse that follows, originally published in *The New Yorker*, reads something like the tuneful melody of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. The British are fond of titles, wearing their initials proudly, but who are we to complain, "buttonitis" almost a national disease with us.

The British force was disposed in two main formations. One, under the immediate command of the commander in chief of the Home Fleet, Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, K.C.B., K.B.E., flying his flag in the battleship H.M.S. Duke of York (Captain the Honorable G.H.E. Russell, C.B.E., R.N.), was covering the convoy at a distance against possible attack by enemy ships based in northern Norway. With him was H.M.S. Jamaica (Captain J. Hughes Hallett, D.S.O., R.N.) and four destroyers.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

'Tis dawn upon the Arctic sea,
The ships in convoy are a-cold,
Oh dreary lies that northern sea,
No place for you, no place for me,
But just the place for a K.C.B.,
A spot for an admiral bold.

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, bist du hidin'?

Oh just the place for the King's Na-vee,
For Captain the Hon'rable G.H.E.
(Skip two beats, please) Russell.
Ah what a place for a tussle!

The thin light spreads across the sea,
The loathsome Scharnhorst stalks her prey,
A terrible, terrible place to he,
When what does her Kapitan chance to see
But the British flag and cruisers three
And a chance to run away.

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, bist du hidin'?

Oh what comes up in the Scharnhorst's lee
But an Admiral (vice) with a D.S.C.
And a K.C.B.,
And a C.B.E.,
And many an initial of His Maj-es-tee,
An A.B.C.D.E.F.G.,
A Captain the Hon'rable G.H.E.
(Hold it a second) Russell.
With a Russell
And a tussle,
With a sting-o
From the King-o
And a great big hing bing bing bing bing-o!

Oh what comes up in the Scharnhorst's lee?
Oh what comes o'er the sullen wave?
The whole wide long gray Arctic sea
Is alive with the guns of His Maj-es-tee.
Is that the Duke of York I see?
Is that the Norfolk brave?

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, bist du hidin'?

The frantic Scharnhorst alters course,
She turns and runs like a frightened horse,
The guns go boom and the ships go round,
The cold sky shakes with the awful sound,
The chase moves east and the chase moves west,
The brave little Savage springs for the breast,
The Scharnhorst prays for a pair of wings
As the deadly Scorpion stings and stings,
And the whole wide long gray Arctic sea
Swells with the pluck of His Maj-es-tee
And the weight of British titles:
Oh the wile and the wits of the K.C.B.
And the Admiral (vice) with the D.S.C.,
The K.C.B. and the C.B.E.,
The A.B.C.D.E.F.G.
And Captain the Hon'rable G.H.E.
(Eins, zwei, drei, vier) Russell.
Oh what a glorious tussle!

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, bist du hidin'?

The light has gone from the northern sea,
The convoy steams in the peaceful dark.
The waves have closed o'er the enemy,
But hark!

Do you hear any sounds in the dark and the cold?
Do you catch the initials of a captain hold?
With an A. . . .
and a B. . . .
And a Captain the Hon'rable X.Y.Z.
And other little echoes of His Maj-es-tee?

Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst, Scharnhorst tot,
Scharnhorst, auf der bottom. . . .

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### ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID

Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true, or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.

# Mining Memories—A Backward Glance

By D. C. Gemmell

*(A paper read before the Scottish Mining Students' Federation in the Mining Laboratories, 78 Grassmarket, Edinburgh, January 24.)*

One of the privileges earned as one grows older is that of becoming reminiscent. I would like to exercise that privilege to-night, and am grateful to you for affording me the opportunity of doing so.

"Looking back" may be of great value if sensibly done. It may help us to profit from experiences and learn from our mistakes. A common criticism made of mining technicians is that they have failed to advance and have fallen out of step with modern scientific developments. A backward glance may serve to prove how unfounded and unjustified is this accusation. It is now considerably more than half a century since I commenced work in the mines. During this long period I have been engaged in many capacities and have worked in most of the coal fields of Scotland. I may therefore be permitted to claim that I have some qualification to speak on coal mining in the past tense.

My entry into the mines was more or less accidental. I come of a mining family and was born in a mining village. My parents had other views than coal mining for my life's work, owing to circumstances beyond their control this did not materialize. At the age of 12½ years I engaged myself as a helper to an old collier whom I met on the way home from his work. I was to start the following morning and my wage was to be 6s. per week.

The pit I started in was a typical one of the period. It was about 30 fm. deep and worked a seam 6 ft. thick by the stoop and room method. Naked lights were used, occasionally gas was found and there were instances when men were burned through this being ignited. There was little machinery either on the surface or underground. The winding engine was an imposing affair. It was a beam engine geared to a shaft with a pair of rope pirns for the flat hemp winding ropes. This engine also did the shaft pumping. An arrangement of sliding journals enabled the pirn shaft to be put out of gear and the pumping shaft to be put into gear. The engine also worked the little haulage which drew the coal from the bing ground to the screening level. Stocking of coal at that time was very common, generally speaking they were constantly either laying or lifting a bing. These processes were carried through at little cost and without fuss, in sharp contrast to the binging methods of to-day, which seem to necessitate numerous and lengthy conclaves of influential committees with their attendant experts, invariably ending with much fuss and little coal stocked.

The fan was a large one of the Guibal type. The winding and fan engines were the only moving machinery on the surface. The screens were of the fixed bar type and only two sizes, round coal and dross, were made. There were no pickers, and as far as I can remember none was required. The collier had to use a riddle of three-quarter inch mesh when filling his coal at the face. At that time small coal had little commercial value.

During my early life I remember a new pit was sunk in the neighbourhood and was fitted in modern fashion. Shaking screens and picking belts, probably among the earliest in Scotland, were installed. The young manager was proudly showing an old manager friend round. There was an army of old men lined alongside the table and a large stone came sailing down, which was promptly lifted off by one of the pickers. The manager pointed this out to his friend, saying that in older plants that would have gone to the customer and made trouble. "True," said the old man, "but in my day we kept that down the pit." Whatever modern methods may have done to expedite and increase production, we must agree that they have not tended to improve the quality of the product.

It looks as if the methods of to-morrow might be worse. The all-embracing arms of the Joy loader or the Duckbill's greedy maw will be even less discriminating than the shovel of the careless stripper.

At our pit steam was raised by egg-end boilers, the maximum steam pressure being 30 lb. The general lay-out was simple; thinking of it now I am surprised at the small number of surface hands employed at a place where labour-saving appliances were unknown.

Underground, too, the methods were simple. The workings extended a considerable distance. The roads were good, there being little crush. There was a long dook, to work which a steam engine haulage was installed. The hutches carried 10 to 12 cwt. Again the haulage engine was fitted to do the pumping from the dook. This pump was worked by an arrangement of reciprocating ropes. Away from the main dook the only method of transport was by hand. This was heavy work and was generally performed by young men. I went direct to the coal face, where my work consisted of filling hutches, boring holes, and making myself useful.

We hear much of these good old times, and are often told of the training boys received and how they were taught the varied arts of the trade. I have no such memories. I cannot remember anyone making it their business to teach me anything of that nature. I may have been unfortunate in that my father was not a face worker and I had to serve a stranger. My recollection is that those employing me were more concerned in the amount of work I could be got to perform rather than with the idea of making me a competent collier.

One of the greatest problems facing our industry is the finding of young recruits. It is an unfortunate

fact that during the past years boys from the mining communities have been seeking to enter industries other than mining. Many reasons have been advanced for this. One commonly expressed is the opposition of parents, especially mothers, to their sons following the family tradition. This is true, but it is not new. I mentioned earlier that my own parents did not wish me to become a pitman. This opposition existed and was strong over 50 years ago. At that time there did not exist the opportunities to change that now exist. Improved transport facilities now make it possible for youths to seek employment in other trades in towns away from their own villages. In my opinion, this opposition springs from social causes. I was born in a district where mining was not the predominant industry, and can well remember the attitude of people engaged in certain other industries to the collier and his family. Snobbery at its worst could be seen and may yet be seen in the Scottish village or small town. In his day the hand loom weaver could not be described as a person of means. His income or social position did not rise above those of the miner, yet in his pride he had a contempt for the pitman and all belonging to him that is difficult to believe or describe. I can remember daughters from their homes having to face ostracism because they chose husbands from among the miners.

THE WEAVER'S DOCHTER

My Faither gars his shuttle clack,
An' birls the pirns oot ower the flair.
He says he'd raither see me deid,
Than shame the faimly name sae sair.

He bids me mairry mang my kind,
Swears by the Deil an' a' things holier,
That tocherless I'll lea' my hame,
Gin I'll daur wed wi' a bowly collier.

My Mither wrings her hands an' greets,
I'm sairly vexed that I shood grieve her,
But I'll gang barefit tae my Collier lad,
Ere I'll wedded be tae a crushie weaver.

To raise the social status of mine workers should be the aim of all concerned. This may be done by improved housing, universal pithead baths, with powers to compel their use by all, and most of all by cultivating a sense of proper pride in the miner himself. I sometimes suspect that he prides himself on his lack of pride and glories in thinking himself somewhat of a social outcast. In this connection we, too, have a duty, that is to make the mines as attractive for young labour as possible. The present policy of filling the pits with conscripts cannot possibly be successful. Surely we cannot allow coal mining to continue being the "Cinderella of Industry." There is one warning I would pass on to young men, that is to preserve the open mind, never hesitate to examine and consider new ideas, no matter what their origin be.

As I have told, I went direct to work at the coal face without any preliminary training or experience. This was the common practice in those days, and no one thought anything about it. The hours of work were long, starting at six in the morning, it was four in the afternoon before we returned to the surface. We had one privilege—a short working day on Saturdays. On that day we started an hour earlier, finishing at mid-day. The official holidays were few, not more than four or five throughout the year—one or two days at the New Year, two days in autumn for a local race meeting and the summer Fast Day. Perhaps I should explain to the younger lads what this Fast Day meant. This was a church festival, the preparatory day for the Communion on the following Sunday. It was no festival for us, merely another Sabbath in the middle of the week, and in these days Sabbath observance in Scotland was rigorous. It was very wrong to indulge in any game, the only singing permissible was psalms or paraphrases and to whistle was a particularly heinous sin. It was Fast Day in my native parish, and a bright lad had so far forgotten himself as to whistle a lively tune. Eluding the grasp of his angry mother, he jumped over the burn dividing the two parishes. Breaking off the whistling for a moment, he shouted to his avenging parent, "It's no' the Fast Day in Stair."

Of course, we had some unofficial days off work. There was at intervals someone getting wed and he had to be "creeled." I never saw this ceremony at its best or worst. Considerable horseplay was formerly indulged in at a "creeling," and on one occasion the bridegroom suffered an injury and this somewhat curbed the enthusiasm in later days.

I was an early convert to the training of boys starting in the mines. A discussion with the late Prof. Briggs and the late Mr. Masterton confirmed me in the need for such training. I believe the school started by my firm at that time was the first of its kind in Scotland. It was successful, and was the means of increasing the number of boy entrants, besides preparing them in a measure for the work they were to engage in. This is likely to form a permanent part of the organisation of mines in the future, and in my opinion it is right that it should. The argument that boys of the past did not get such training, and apparently did well without it, has no value. The modern mine affords greater opportunity for boys getting into mischief and danger than the mines of the past, and it is our duty to see that boys are at least not in ignorance of the dangers. My experience in training of boys has confirmed my belief that this should be started prior to the boy entering the mine, but should be continued for a considerable time afterwards; it should take place at or near the pit and should bear no similarity to school teaching, a form of education of which the average boy of 14 is absolutely sick.

It will be readily understood that in the days of my boyhood our leisure time was scanty. Working hard for a long shift, we had neither the time nor the inclination for intensive play. Nevertheless we

did play games, we were easier to please than the satiated youth of to-day. I had hopes when the Miners' Welfare Movement was inaugurated that we had found something that would bring an uplift into mining communities. I have been disappointed. The miners' institutes should have been the social centres in the mining villages, too often they have been something far different.

During my lifetime the trend has been to reduce the hours of labour with consequent increase of leisure. It is in my opinion unfortunate that concurrently with this no real movement was organized to teach youth how to spend the very considerable leisure that had in a way been forced on them. The belated drive for youth clubs will not wholly serve. The type of recreation will soon pall when the novelty wears off. I have recently been in close contact with a private endeavour to fill the gap. This is a crafts centre for young miners. Its aim is the revival of the old craftsmanship which has been lost. In almost everyone there exists that desire to create, the wish to see something the work of our own hands growing before us. In the case of the pit lad this desire is frustrated by the nature of his employment as well as by the lack of knowledge and opportunity. I have high hopes that this experiment will prove that along such lines a solution of the problem will be found.

Shortly after I commenced work in the pit a mining class was started in the village school. It met once a week. I enrolled as a pupil in a class of 21, whose ages ranged from 50 years to my own of 13 years. I was the only one of that 21 who eventually secured a colliery manager's certificate. Mining teaching in those days was somewhat different from what it is now. We were very strong on formulae and the student with the retentive memory got to the top of the class. In ventilation we spent much time on Atkinson's famous formula $PA=KSV^2$. We learned the various transpositions of that expression much as we had learned the shorter catechism at school and I fear with as little understanding. In my notes which still exist there are some wonderful examples of formulae which we were expected to carry in our minds. One I note is how to find the best gradient for a horse road. During my experience I have never had occasion to put this elaborate calculation to the test and it is perhaps just as well. We were assisted in memorising these by the trick of turning rules into doggerel rhyme. One such rhyme still sticks to my memory:—

The Gallons of water over a sill,
That is twelve inches wide may be got if you will,
Take the depth in inches to power number three,
Extract the square root and put that into G.

The poetry may be bad but the result obtained is nearer the truth than may be expected. I confess I was never satisfied with this method of teaching even as a young student. I could not take as much for granted and was anxious to know the why and wherefore of things. Later I was fortunate in coming under two teachers whose methods were different and took us back to first principles. I studied engineering under one of these teachers for several years. Later he became manager of a large engineering work and was one of my good friends. I owe much to his teaching, I found it specially useful to me in the mechanised mining I was to take part in later. My mining teacher became a prominent professor in a mining college in the south. I got my certificate while under him. I have pleasant memories of his teaching. I regret that our paths have never again crossed. In these days there was considerable difficulty in obtaining a good technical education. Facilities were few and long distances had to be travelled to attend classes. I was fortunate in starting early in life, thus having time to make up some of the deficiencies of my early education. Students to-day live in better times. I am not one of those critics who aver that the path of the technical student of to-day is made too easy, but you have great opportunities and you should appreciate them. I enjoyed my life as a student in spite of the hard work and difficulties.

After the classes came the examination. In those days this was not the searching test that it is to-day. One thing, however, that stands clear in my mind is that the teaching I had received was a complete and thorough preparation for the examination. At the age of 22 years I was certified as one capable of taking the legal charge of a colliery. I had much to learn though perhaps I would not then have admitted it. Some few years ago when congratulating a young man I was interested in on having secured his first class certificate I warned him that he must not consider his education complete and that he had still a good deal to learn. To-day I would have told him he was only at "the end of the beginning." He was not too well pleased, but I expect by now he will have found how true were the words I spoke.

It has always seemed to me something tragic how so many men having secured a colliery manager's certificate, ceased there and then to be students. Mining is too live and changeable an industry for anyone to assume he can stand still. Having secured my certificate I set about looking for a job. In those days certificated men were plentiful. I have been told that it was common for an advertisement in the Press to draw almost 200 applicants. I answered every advertisement that appeared, then counted the days for the expected reply. It rarely came. I found my first post at home. In my youthful days I was interviewed for a post by a well known coal owner. He expressed the opinion that I was too young and turned me down. At the end of the interview I suggested that he should pay my travelling expenses to the place of interview. He told me that on principle he never did this. Many years later this gentleman again interviewed me for a much more responsible position. He evidently did not remember our former meeting and I did not remind him. I was again unsuccessful, this time I was rather old. My interviewer evidently had only one standard of measurement—the calendar. He was generous in the matter

of expenses. He paid my first class railway fare and I had travelled third, he made a liberal allowance for my lunch while I had lunch at the house of a friend, so that after many years we ended square.

On the day I received my colliery manager's certificate I met a manager of long and varied experience. Instead of congratulating me, he told me that he had got more happiness and enjoyment while studying for his certificate than he had obtained in the using of it. It was not a cheery note for one on the threshold of his career, but I have not found it to be so. During my years of service as an official I have served many masters, some of them good, others not so good. I have often been blamed and misjudged, but I have got much pleasure out of life. It may be that in retrospect the pleasant things stand out clearer, while the less pleasant fortunately fade from the memory.

During my lifetime there has taken place what is really a revolution in the methods of working coal. When I entered the mines there were few coal cutters at work, and most of these were more in the nature of experiments than practical aids to coal getting. My first introduction to coal cutters was seeing some rusty machinery lying in the yard of a colliery several miles from my home. This pit belonged to a family of mining pioneers. I think it was at one of their pits where the first coal cutter to be commercially produced was started. The scrap machines were Stanley heading machine, a type I have never seen at work, and several compressed air disc machines of unknown make. As a young official I was early called upon to instal machines. These were trying times, skilled labour was scarce and the men, though not openly antagonistic, were not helpful. Looking back on these days in my mind, there were two outstanding errors we committed. We failed to realise that machine mining was not a matter for change at the coal face alone. Changes in method were essential from the pithead right throughout the pit. Where this fact was not appreciated, failure was inevitable. Our second error was that we did not give the proper training to men to work our machines the consideration it ought to have received. I fear that even yet we fail in this respect.

The application of coal cutting naturally brought the face conveyor in its wake. I can remember a time when almost every manager had his own idea of conveyors and many were the varieties evolved. Few of these have survived, many were never tried out. The conveyor in my opinion made even a greater change in mining work than the coal cutter had done. Its adoption in many seams led to increased production and decreased cost. It introduced, however, an element of monotony in coal mining work that had hitherto been absent. Now I think that monotony is demanding its toll and is reacting on production. Close observation over a long period convinces me that it is from this class of labour that most of the discontent and trouble originates. The elimination of this drudgery would go far, in my opinion towards restoring a measure of contentment in the mines. Here is how one of them speaks of his work:—

THE STRIPPER.

They've measured aff my stent,
The burstin' shot's been fired,
A shoogly pick an' a soople shule,
That's a' the graith required.

I boo my hack tae the treadmill task,
An' shovel like hell a' day,
While the greedy pans aye cry for mair,
Like a hungry beast o' prey.

They wriggle alang their snake like track,
An' groan 'neath their getherin' load,
We curse an' sweat an' pile them high,
Frae the tap tae the loadin' road.

Already it's nearly cornin time,
An' the half o' the wa's tae strip,
The Gaffer's comin' doon the run,
An' I ken that I'm in for "gyp."

There's a prop ayont the distance,
There's anither yin no' ticht,
Fain wad I sauce the blighter,
But I ken in my hert, he's richt.

Sae I turn again tae my weary darg,
An' smother my discontent,
Wi' a e'e fixed on lousin time,
An' ane on the end o' my stent.

Had strippin been pairt o' the plan Divine,
If a thocht tae it God did tak,
He wad shairly hae granted me fewer brains,
An' gied me a stronger back.

There is again much talk of further and intensive mechanisation. This time we are to be Americanised as well as mechanised. Again I would urge you to maintain the open mind. There is much we can learn from America, but the methods of that country cannot be adopted here in entirety; there are many of our mines where there can be no possible application of that country's machinery nor methods. We cannot afford to be so prodigal of our coal resources as they seem to be. In the past we have made a reasonable show in seams too thin for any American practice to be adopted. Sweeping general statements such as that our longwall methods must be discarded should not be taken too seriously. There will yet be evolved a successful loading machine that will supersede the stripper. Our admitted success in mechanisation in past years was attained by individual effort and after much hard pioneering work. That same individual enthusiasm will again overcome the difficulties.

My talk to you has been somewhat disconnected and sketchy. There is so much more I could and would like to have said, but when men not now so young become reminiscent there is grave danger

that they may bore younger listeners. I have tried to avoid this, and hope I have not altogether failed.

Colliery officials of all grades are to-day passing through tribulation. We are like others at the moment and are under orders. Unfortunately those whom we must obey are not always capable of appreciating the consequences of their action. We find ourselves too often brushed aside and the work, which is really ours and which no one could better perform, attempted by those whose training and outlook absolutely unfit them. We may have been too quiescent in these matters, and perhaps it would have been better for the nation, the industry, and ourselves if we had been more aggressive and asserted ourselves. There seems to me evidence that a change of view is coming in high places, and I have hopes that ere long the management of the mines will revert to where it belongs. A man endowed with personality, qualified through education and training to be the successful manager of a colliery, is able to take his place alongside the leaders in any community and has the right to be accorded such a place.—*From The Colliery Guardian.*

# The Second Sober Thought

*I believe* it to be the duty of every citizen to do all within his power to improve the conditions under which men work and live. I believe that that man renders the greatest social service who so co-operates in the organization of industry as to afford to the largest number of men the greatest opportunity for self-development, and the enjoyment by every man of those benefits which his own work adds to the wealth of civilization.—*John D. Rockefeller, Jr.*

All nations smile in the same language.

People who will do unfair things for you are likely to do unfair things against you.

Success depends quite as much on our ability to see that we are wrong as to see that we are right.

Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are, and doing things as they should be.—*C. E. Stowe.*

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great. —*Emerson.*

—*Highways of Happiness.*

Early in November of last year, Fred McCurtain, able butcher at the Company Store, in Rock Springs, and Rudy Jelouchan went hunting on the Charlie Taylor Ranch, in Browns Park, Colo. What they hunted and how well they did is shown in the accompanying pictures. Armed with 30-30's, they downed eleven of those animals that "Buffalo Bill" made famous—two calves, three yearlings, four cows and two bulls. One of the bulls, a seven-year-old, weighed 1600 lbs., and the spring calves weighed 500 lbs. apiece. Dressed out, the eleven buffalo weighed 5000 lbs., all of which was sold at the Rock Springs Store in a single day. We hope that the name "Buffalo" McCurtain will become synonymous with the name "Buffalo Bill."

# Pictures Of Rock Springs In Other Days

*1*—In front of the Tremont Apts., on "C" Street. Names of the people in the foreground are unknown.

*2*—This is the old Ed Carleson Livery Stable, where a group of store buildings now stand. The photo was taken from the spot where the Western Auto Transit Co. now is located.

*3*—Another view of one of the early armored cars. This picture was taken on "C" street looking up "C" in the direction of the hospital. The photographer was standing near what is now the Western Auto Transit Co.

*4*—Looking toward the railroad tracks on "C" Street. The City Hall is seen to the left. The vehicle is part of the armored unit that passed through the town years ago.

## William Askey Retires

AFTER working in coal mines in this country for more than three score years, William Askey retired on the 14th of February at the age of 75.

Born in Scotland in 1871, Mr. Askey first entered the service of this Company in 1901, working at Cumberland, Wyo. Except for an absence of a few months early in the century and again in 1920, Mr. Askey's employment was continuous. He will receive the 40-year gold button this year.

Mr. Askey has four sisters whom he visited six years ago. They are Mrs. James Wilson, of Meyersdale, Pa., Mrs. Mary Hardin, of Pittsburgh, Mrs. Anna Thomas and Mrs. Margaret McMurtrie, of Cumberland, Md. He and his wife, Margaret Maughan Askey, will continue to reside at their home on Center Street.

## Easter Cantata And Concert

ON THE 9th of April, a joint Easter concert and cantata will be given by the Rock Springs Civic Orchestra and the L. D. S. Choir in the Rock Springs High School auditorium. John J. Brueggemann will direct the orchestra, and Russell Cummings, band instructor at the high school, will be guest conductor of the choir.

Arvo Mackey, Assistant Traveling Auditor of The Union Pacific Coal Company will play flute and oboe parts on the violin.

# Engineering Department

## Strategic Materials Are War Necessities

By J. A. Smith

Previous to the unexpected visit of the minions of Hirohito at Pearl Harbor, it seemed to be the idea of most Americans that the United States was a self-contained nation, commercially independent of the rest of the world, and that in any extremity we could smugly sit on our pedestal and give what would correspond roughly to a national "bronx cheer" to the rest of the world.

The echoes of the sneak attack had scarcely died away when a hasty inventory of our national resources revealed the bitter truth that we were not only completely without many essential materials, but stock piles were low to the point that our war effort could be badly crippled and any offensive warfare might completely bog down.

Among the first shortages to be realized by the American people were those of rubber, aluminum, tin, and quinine. These are probably clearest and freshest in the public mind because they are, especially the first two, commodities most familiar to the individual and generally used in our daily life.

With the fall of the Dutch East Indies and the Malayan Peninsula to the Nipponese hordes, practically 100 per cent of our national supply of rubber, tin, and quinine were abruptly shut off and it became necessary to seek hasty relief measures. It has been repeatedly stated that the lack of quinine did more to hasten the fall of Bataan than the Japanese bullets.

Hasty surveys revealed the fact that the need was immediate, that it would require several years to develop new sources of supply, and that our only replacement reservoir of these critical materials (excepting quinine) were our scrap piles. The early scrap drive for rubber and aluminum, wherein the entire nation was enlisted, is fresh in the minds of everyone. Technology and science have apparently offered a satisfactory solution of the rubber problem by the manufacture of the synthetic rubbers, although the optimistic predictions of a few months ago seem unlikely of complete fulfillment, and it is doubtful if there will be much synthetic rubber or tires for civilian distribution before late in 1944 or early 1945. This is due more to the tremendous increase in demand for military uses than to any failure in the production schedule. It is stated that by the summer of 1944, the synthetic production, all of which must go into the machines of war, will be far in excess of the nation's pre-war uses.

The aluminum crisis appears to have passed. Development of deposits in the western United States, increased imports as the intensity of the Axis submarine campaign declined, and the development of alloys of magnesium which replaced the aluminum alloys for many purposes have increased the supply until, at present, our stock piles are in excess of the national demand and the diversion of this metal to civilian uses is now a matter of manufacture and man-power.

The tin situation, while still acute, is gradually clearing. Fortunately this metal does not have the wide variety of uses, or is not necessary in the huge amounts that are rubber and aluminum, and the larger part of the former imports found its way into domestic uses rather than into the machines of war.

Again the scrap piles of the nation were called upon and much of the precious metal was salvaged. "Tin" cans were processed and the tin recovered. So called "tin cans" are actually 98½ per cent steel and 1½ per cent tin, the tin being in the form of an extremely thin veneer covering the can inside and out. Even with this extremely thin film, 27,000 tons annually, or one-third of all tin used, was necessary to coat the cans used in the United States in pre-war years. The army still requires large amounts of this shiny metal for the field armies. Tin containers are the only practical solution for the transportation of food stuffs to our men at the far flung battle fronts. Special "iron rations" for the United States armies on the march consist of six 12-ounce tin cans for every man; they contain biscuits, coffee, chocolate, beef stew, beans, spaghetti.

Substitution of glass and fibre containers for domestic uses has greatly reduced the use of tin and permitted the metal itself to be diverted into war channels. Fibre containers are particularly suitable for dry products such as powders, spices, drugs, etc. but are not adapted to processed foods which must be hermetically sealed.

Time and space prevent the discussion of even a small percentage of the critical materials and strategic metals that go into our complex daily economic life and become the essentials that make America tick. However, it might be of interest to mention a few of the lesser known, but equally important necessities for practically all of which we must look beyond the continental limits of the United States for supply.

Among the metals for which America has been a preferred customer is manganese (not to be confused with magnesium), vital in the manufacture of steel and without which the record production of

steel in 1943 would have been impossible. Used only in small quantities, (about 12 pounds of manganese per ton of steel) it imparts to the finished product a greater hardness and strength and at a lower cost than the other familiar alloys such as nickel, chromium, or tungsten. Army helmets, tanks, light armor, pill-boxes, and other military equipment subject to direct fire are frequently made of an alloy of this material and are tough enough to deflect a bullet fired at extremely close range. It is also used extensively in the manufacture of dry cell batteries.

India and Russia were our principal source of supply of this metal; although it occurs in many parts of the United States, only about 5 per cent of the supply was derived from this source. Some manganese orc was exported from the Philippine Islands; Japan, whose need was as great as our own, receiving her major supply from this source. In fact, the need for rubber, oil, and manganese was a prime cause for the Nipponese to first turn covetous eyes on Asia and the Dutch East Indies.

Brazil and Africa are now the largest producers, although we have augmented our stocks from Bolivia, Chile, Mexico, and Peru along with the home produced product.

During war times the air is constantly surging with radio waves. To control each transmitting device and keep each transmitter within its assigned frequency is a small stone, not much larger than a postage stamp. This stone is "quartz crystal," and is related chemically to ordinary sand and flint. The United States is wholly without a commercial grade of this rock, and to date, science has produced no acceptable substitute. America, together with the rest of the world, has looked to Brazil for the supply of quartz crystal. At the present time the United States purchases the entire Brazilian output, thereby assuring the operation of our commercial broadcasting stations, our military and naval radios, and the thousands of radio equipped ships.

To most Americans the word "antimony" means little or nothing and it is doubtful if there are many people who would recognize a piece of this essential metal without an accompanying card of identification, but nevertheless it probably has more numerous and diversified military uses than any other strategic material.

Its principal peace time usage was in the manufacture of storage batteries. Antimony acts as a hardener of the lead grids and imparts current to start the car and keeps it in operation. Each of the thirty million cars in the United States contains about four pounds of this unfamiliar metal. America's mechanized army on the ground, the planes in the air, and submarines under the sea are all put in motion by antimony. Every hullet, cartridge, and bomb pin require a small but vital quantity of this critical metal in its primer mixture. The lead core of machine gun, rifle, and pistol cartridges are hardened by antimony in order that they may retain their shape when subjected to heat, otherwise the soft lead would be distorted and the accuracy of the projectile affected.

The United States uses about half of the world output and produces about one per cent, mostly from mines locatcd in Idabo and Alaska. China and Jugoslavia were the principal producers, but with the loss of these to the enemy we were forced to look to the Western Hemisphere. At present Mexico supplies approximately two-thirds of our needs, the remainder coming from Bolivia.

Another name unknown except to scientists is "beryllium," but like antimony it is essential to the war effort. Light, weighing only one-third as much as aluminum, yet harder than steel, it is extensively used in alloys of copper and nickel to impart hardness and strength to these softer metals, especially for use in precision instruments where rust proof characteristics are necessary.

Previous to the war, Germany had a monopoly on the preparation of beryllium, but discoveries of the ore in Oregon and local processing plants have placed the United States on an independent basis.

Did you ever hear of "tantalum?" Frankly, neither did we until we learned in a bulletin of the National Geographic Society that it is a steel gray metal, valuahle because of its hardness and its resistance to practically all chemicals. So valuable has it become in the war industries that a piece of this metal weighing over an ounce cannot be sold by manufacturers without a special allocation order.

It is used in laboratory, surgical, and dental instruments and in patching war casualties where the metal is left within the body, as it is not affected by the body secretions.

However, its most valuable function is its use in electronic tubes wherein it performs a mysterious function, the description of which is beyond the scope of this article.

The needed supply is obtained from Brazil and the Belgian Congo. The only known source of tantalum ores in the United States is in the Black Hills of South Dakota, where the dcposits are too small to be profitably developed.

Of all war casualties, the one most felt by the feminine population is probably the lack of silk, 90 per cent of the pre-war importation going into the manufacture of stockings.

Japan produced the major portion of the world's supply of silk, China ranking second. Fortunately a very acceptable substitute was developed, and nylon is now filling all the previous uses of silk. Silk and nylon are used in large quantities in the machines of war, principally in the parachutes of aviators, airplane fabrics and powder bags used in the large artillery pieces.

It has been said that "Necessity is the mother of invention." If this be true, we can go back one generation further in the family ancestry and find that "War is the mother of necessity." With the abrupt cessation of our imports of critical and strategic materials, both metallic and non-metallic, scientists and technologists were rapidly mobilized and started

on a hurried treasure hunt for immediate replacements for the materials that would be necessary to carry on the war.

Sometimes this took the form of development of known deposits within the United States which were probably lying latent due to lack of economic methods of processing and which heretofore it was cheaper to import than develop. Foremost examples of this are our growing stock piles of aluminum and magnesium. In other instances complete substitutes must be developed, the best known, due to the publicity which it has received, being the synthetic rubbers. Science has also developed an acceptable substitute for quinine, which, while inferior in many respects to the natural product, is serving as a stopgap until a supply can be developed in the friendly countries of Central and South America.

Plastics also have received much attention and have been developed to the point where they can be suitably substituted for many of the materials needed by the armed forces.

At the beginning of 1942 the economic outlook was dark. Today, it appears that all our needs are being satisfied and, thanks to our scientific personnel, our war effort can carry on unhampered by the lack of necessary materials.

# Boy Scout Activities

By Lowell E. Larsen

Mr. George B. Pryde, Member of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, attended the Regional Meeting of the Boy Scouts of America, Saturday, March 11th, Hotel Newhouse, Salt Lake City, Utah, the Regional Conference covering Utah and Eastern Nevada Councils.

Mr. R. B. Hale, Chairman of the Regional Executive Committee, San Francisco, California, presided. In calling the meeting to order, Mr. Hale explained the purposes of the conference and gave an excellent talk on the duties of all Scouters and Scouts to the work of Scouting, saying, "I can give you no better advice than that given by Mr. W. M. Jeffers, President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, to the students at Boys Town, January 16, 1944, Commencement Exercises, in which Mr. Jeffers said, 'Now, my notion of education is to teach the youth not only to think, but to think in a straight line. Now keep that in mind all through your life. Always have time to think. I have a motto over my desk that came to me as something of a reprimand from one of our old engineers. This man came to me in my car in Cheyenne, Wyoming, some few years ago to tell me a very important story about some difficulties they were having with a new air brake on a new locomotive. I was busy, or thought I was, formulating a telegram, and I said to this man, "Go ahead and tell me your story," which he did. I made a response that didn't make any sense, to that man at least, and he said to me, "Now I have worked with you and for you for a quarter of a century, you have sought my advice and I have given it to you and in most instances you have acted upon it, and I find that now you have become so busy that you haven't time to think." To me that was one of the greatest lessons in my life, that came to me from a man in overalls. So let me repeat and emphasize to you boys. Regardless of any situation you may be in, and some of you, I know, are going into the armed forces very shortly, even under these stresses, think! Think not only of what you are doing, what you are trying to accomplish, but think also that the eyes of the people of this country are upon you who are doing the fighting. Keep in mind also and take time to think of what has been taught you in your few short years at Boys Town about what clean living means, what clean thinking means.' "

Mr. Hale, in closing, stated that those in charge of Scouting work and Scout activities should think their way through in all situations for the good of the Scouts, that their thinking should not be haphazard but of a very definite character so that the boys might have the benefit of the older Scouters' advice and council.

After Mr. Hale's address, the opening ceremony was conducted by the presentation of the colors, the National flag and the Boy Scout flag, followed by the invocation. An address was given by Dr. Elbert K. Fretwell, Chief Scout Executive of New York City. Dr. Fretwell was formerly Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University. He is a noted speaker and the several talks he gave during the day were given close attention. He is a Member of the National Executive Board, Chairman of the Division of Program, Vice-Chairman of the Division of Personnel, and a member of the Editorial Board.

An introduction of Harold F. Pote, National Director, Division of Personnel, New York City, followed. Mr. Pote is also a gifted speaker and has many problems in personnel at the present time as many in the Division of Personnel have joined the service of the United States, a contribution that the Boy Scouts are proud of. At the informal discussion period, many fine suggestions were made.

At 12:30 p. m. lunch was held with the group's singing and the Scout greeting. The presentation of a copper plate to Dr. Fretwell was made. Harold F. Pote made an excellent address and everyone had the feeling that it had been worthwhile to be there.

From 2:30 to 4:30 p. m. the meeting of the Administration Council took place. The group discussed organization and extension, leadership — training, finance, advancement, health and safety, and camping and activities.

From 4:30 to 6:30 p. m. a general assembly was held, Mr. R. B. Hale presiding.

Many members of the Cache Valley Council, of which the Rock Springs district is a part, were present at the Conference.

# Of Interest to Women

## Vegetable Kingdom

BY MARY P. PERKO

AT THIS time of year, the vegetable kingdom is largely composed of kale, beets, carrots, parsnips and so on. Though popular opinion may hold that nothing much can be said for these foods except that they are cheap and readily available, a good cook knows better. She will tell you that a turnip—or similar thing—is deserving of respect, and she will suggest any number of winning ways of preparing what others less imaginative may consider necessary evils. To substantiate her argument that it is not impossible to like a squash, she may offer recipes like one of the group that follows:

KALE EN PAIN
(Serves Six)

1½ pounds kale
1 cup boiling water seasoned with a teaspoon of salt
2 cups white sauce of medium thickness
1 loaf stale bread

Remove leafy portions from midribs of kale, chop, and cook leaves in salted water until tender, or about twelve minutes. Drain and mix with white sauce. Remove the top, lengthwise, of the crust of a loaf of bread and hollow out the center of the loaf. (Reserve top crust and center for use as crumbs in desserts and scalloped dishes.) Fill the hollowed-out loaf with the creamed kale, moisten the sides with water and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) till crisp and hot. Grated cheese may be sprinkled over the top before baking if desired.

BAKED SQUASH TROPICAL STYLE
(Serves Four)

2 medium-sized acorn squash
Water
Sections from two small grapefruit
6 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons margarine or butter

Cut squash in half lengthwise, and remove seeds. Place in baking dish, cover bottom of pan with a fourth-inch of water, cover pan and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) thirty minutes. Uncover pan and continue baking fifteen minutes. Remove from oven, fill halves with grapefruit sections, sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with margarine. Return to oven and bake fifteen minutes.

BORTSCH
(Serves Six)

2 cups peeled and ground beets
1 cup peeled and ground carrots
1 cup peeled and ground onions
Boiling water
1 tablespoon margarine or butter
2 cups beef stock or two cups water and two bouillon cubes
1 cup finely shredded cabbage
1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice
⅓ cup sour cream

Cover the beets, carrots and onions with boiling water and boil fifteen minutes. Add the margarine, stock and cabbage and cook till all vegetables are tender, or about ten minutes. Add the lemon juice. Serve each portion of the soup with a garnish of sour cream.

PARSNIP PATTIES
(Serves Six)

2 cups cooked mashed parsnips
1 egg
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons margarine
3 tablespoons flour
Drippings

Add to the parsnips the egg, milk, two tablespoons of flour, salt, pepper and margarine and beat till smooth. Shape into patties (this amount makes about 12), roll in flour and saute in the drippings until well browned on both sides.

CARROT AND PEANUT RING
(Serves six to eight)

2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons margarine
3 eggs, beaten
1 onion, finely ground
2 cups finely ground raw carrots
½ cup (about three ounces) finely ground salted peanuts

Scald milk with salt, sugar, pepper and margarine and add, stirring, to beaten eggs. Add ground vegetables and peanuts and pour into a greased ring mold or loaf pan. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (325 degrees F.) until set, about forty-five minutes. Unmold and fill center of ring with creamed potatoes or, if in loaf form, surround with the potatoes. The consistency of this dish is chewy. This effect may be minimized by using cooked, chopped carrots instead of raw ground ones.

TURNIPS IN SOUR CREAM
(Serves Six)

¾ cup sour cream
½ to ¾ teaspoon salt

4 teaspoons vinegar
Few grains of pepper
¼ teaspoon sugar
3 cups grated raw yellow turnip
Lettuce

Mix sour cream, salt, vinegar, pepper and sugar. Add the turnip that has been chilled before being grated. Mix well and serve on lettuce.

## Fashion

The fact that over 800 women recently registered for a radio sewing course, sponsored by one of the big pattern houses, is indication enough that a great deal of interest is centered, these days, in making your own garments at home. Today, the "I-made-it-myself" confession has attained immense popularity and it is felt that this is going to bear fruit after the war.

"What are the new, smart styles and which will be most becoming to me?" is the question that should be considered when planning a garment. Women are more fashion conscious than before and are interested not only in sewing becoming clothes, but also in styles that are fashionable.

Your figure type, your face type, what colors are becoming, and the suitability of fabric for design in mind, are important factors to keep in mind when purchasing pattern and material.

In the making, always be sure that the fit is correct.

The result—a professional-looking garment.

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The trend to allure and femininity continues to distinguish the spring and early summer blouses which are being shown in various collections.

Mousseline de soie and pastel point de esprit lace are featured in a number of short sleeve styles with such exquisite little details as lace butterflies on a cascading collar; mosquito bows are used again to accent the front of mousseline models. Bow-ties recur in the sheer group as well as silk shantung suit blouses. One of the most delicate and "timeless" models—also an excellent bride's blouse—is the white chiffon bow-tie with white satin insertions radiating from the neckline.

The silk shantungs are available in solid colors—and here the raspberry pink model with light blue draped bow-tie and set-in plastron looks newest. Then there is the striped model, also a bow-neck style, with pleats from the yoke to the center waist in a V-effect.

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If You are in the Market for a Spring Coat—Consider:

A Short Coat—A short topper is definitely big this spring. It can be had in a variety of styles and colors. These shorties are considered tops.

A Satin Coat—A black satin model in fitted silhouette, both long or short, answers the demand for something to wear with the afternoon print; the short dinner dress. These, however, are in the high price brackets, and are not produced in quantity; you will find them only in the exclusive shops.

A Bright Coat—Not just in casual styles, but increasingly featured in dressy, afternoon models. They rate a bit higher in the fashion picture than the staple black or navy. Venus pink, purple, green, chartreuse, gold, are the colors. Worn with your spring furs, they have a new look. They are excellent for contrast with other color accessories, and to be worn over short dinner dresses, as they used to wear bright wool evening wraps.

## Ten "Commands To Beauty"

Look your best on the job! It isn't hard work—but it does take a little "know-how." Work out a really thorough good-looks program and it will show up in your pep, as well as in your face.

The Beauty Counsellor for Pond's suggests the following for stepping up morale:

First of all, learn how to "save face"! It's so easy, in cleaning your skin, to scrub until you look like a scraped carrot. To save your face as well as clean it, first wash or tissue off the top layers of dirt and grime. Then pat on cold cream before your last scrubbing. If you use a strong cleanser, be sure always to cream immediately after.

Second, stretch your make-up! There isn't a lot of time to re-do make-up while on the job. So see that you "anchor" it for longest wear. Use vanishing cream as your base, and spread a thin film well over the face, before you lipstick and powder.

Third, be sure, when you make up, to begin with a "clean sweep." Don't add new powder over old. Start with a clean surface, always. The idea, you know, is to apply make-up, not to rub in dust!

Four, how about your hair? Do have a practical hair-do; then pretty it up by pinning on a bow or a flower. Don't skip on weekly shampoos. If you have to postpone washing for even one day, make up for your sins with an extra good brushing.

Five, your hands. In many kinds of work, you will find that a cream applied before you start, will make washing up much easier. Give hands a "facial" with a rich cream when you get home.

Six. Lay the ground-work for a good complexion by observing "eat-for-beauty" rules. Have a hot meal before you go to work, and eat three good nourishing meals a day, with plenty of fruits, vegetables and milk. If you're watching your weight, go short on sweets and starches, but get lots of energy foods in your regular three meals.

Seven. Keep these good-grooming basics handy: a jar of cream and tissues for cleansing, deodorant, lipstick and powder.

Eight. Get eight hours' sleep on working days. Did you know that that's one of the things the Navy insists for the WAVES? Well, the Navy knows best! Get some fresh air, too, each day. If you can, walk at least part way to work.

Nine. For pep in your face, give a thought to your feet! High heels on the job spoil your "charm."

How? Because they throw your weight off center, paint strain and fatigue lines in your face.

Ten. Learn to "un-lax". Sit in an easy chair and let neck and shoulders go completely limp. Drop head forward, as if you were asleep. Then roll the head around to the right, then back, then left and forward. Let head fall as if it were a dead weight. A few relaxing exercises like this before you go to bed are worth more than counting sheep! .

## Our Little Folks

# Pita's Painted Pig

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

HE WAS painted yellow, with pink roses on his back and a tiny rosebud on his tail. He looked fat, but he was fed nothing at all. In his side was a small slit where you were supposed to put pennies, but his little mistress never had a centavo to drop into the hole; so his savings-bank stomach remained permanently empty.

His mistress was a little Indian girl who lived in Mexico between the smoking mountains and the cactus with red flowers. Her full name was Guadalupe Faustina Jovita Chimalpopoca, but everybody called her Pita, which is much shorter, prettier, and just as good. She was only ten years old but she wore a long blue scarf and a long skirt like her mother and also big gold earrings and a gold necklace. Her hair was parted in the middle, and the two braids at the back were tied together with a brown shoestring.

Pita's brother was eight years old. His name was Felipe Camerino Victoriano Tlaxochimaco. If you say that correctly, it makes your whole tongue and all your teeth work. Like Pita he had another name not so long and wide. Most people called him Pedro. He wore brown sandals, no stockings, a red shirt, and long, white trousers. His coat was a blue and white blanket with a hole in the middle where he stuck his head. His hat was as big as an umbrella, so he always had to put it on after the blanket; it would never have squeezed through the hole. It was made of bright yellow straw, and the brim had pictures on it, worked in green and white wool.

Pedro always liked his sister's playthings better than his own. He had a toy general, made of glass, riding on a rooster. It was the third general his mother had given him, but glass generals are brittle and go to pieces easily. After the soldier was broken, Pedro never cared for the little rooster left crowing without him. He had a yellow jumping jack besides and two dogs, but they looked like reindeer and their heads were a little twisted. Pedro used to beg Pita to let him play with her painted pig.

"But you will break him," she said.

"Oh, no! I promise to be very careful."

"But you broke your general," his sister reminded him.

"Yes, but he wasn't strong."

"My pig isn't strong."

"Yes, he is," cried Pedro. "A pig is always strong. And I like the rosebud on his tail. My dogs have such plain tails!"

"I'm afraid you will rub the roses off with your dirty fingers," Pita objected.

"My fingers aren't dirty."

"Why don't you play with your wiggly man?"

"I don't want my wiggly man. I want your pig."

Then after Pedro had begged and begged like this, Pita would run away from him and pretend not to see him or hear him wail. She would tease him by singing:

"I ride on my pig,
I gallop and jig,
I jounce and I bounce,
I prance and I dance,
I leap and I creep,
I jump and I stump!"

One day when they were tired of quarrelling, Pita thought of going to Pancho, the toy-maker, and asking him to make Pedro a pig of his very own.

It was a long time before Pancho made a pig for Pedro. But at last he did, and Pedro thought it a much more beautiful pig than Pita's. Pedro's pig was painted yellow, with blue circles on his back and a large blue dot behind each ear. When the children saw him, they danced for joy.

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HARBINGER OF SPRING

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

—*Masefield.*

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Friend: Why have you the general in such a peculiar pose?

Sculptor: You see, it was started as an equestrian statue, and then the committee found they couldn't afford the horse.

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"Are you the man who cut my hair last time?"

Barber: "I don't think so, sir. I've only been here six months."

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Eggwirt: At last I've discovered what they do with the holes in doughnuts.

Oscar: What?

Eggwirt: They use them to stuff macaroni with.

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Recruit—Ha! Ha! You can't fool me. I know they have potato peeling machines in the army.

Sergeant—Sure have, wise guy, and you're the latest model.

Dolores and Dorothy, almost a year old, are the twin daughters of Mr. William Masters, who works at the Hanna No. 4 Mine.

## News About All of Us

### Rock Springs

Marvin and Vigil Richardson, of E-Plane, have gone to Hardy, Arkansas, where they expect to locate.

Jack Fortes was a business visitor at Cheyenne.

John Samuels, of Tacoma, Wash., visited here with relatives.

William Faddis was in Salt Lake City during the month of March.

Mr. and Mrs. Berton Scritchfield have moved into a house on Ninth Street recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. John Armstrong, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Asiala, of Superior, visited here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Matthews and daughter, Marjorie, entertained at a dinner and dance for Harold Wilder, Petty Officer Third Class.

Mrs. Joe Salvatico received medical treatment in Salt Lake City during the month of March.

Silvio Pedri spent several days visiting relatives here.

Seaman William Behring visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Behring.

Mrs. Mike Kamenski has accepted a position as Employment Agent at the Rock Springs Mine Office.

Mrs. William McMillan was a medical patient at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Miss Alice Henetz, of Oakland, Calif., visited here with her father, Alex Henetz. Alice is a former Mine Office clerk.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lucero and son have left for Fort Steele, where they will operate a ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. John Titmus entertained at a family dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nagy, of Long Beach, Calif.

Mike Unguren was a medical patient at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Jed Orme, Jr., has left for Pittsburg, Kansas, where he has accepted a position as Employment Agent for the Company.

John Sickich has returned from Salt Lake City, where he received medical attention.

Mike Kamenski, timekeeper at the Rock Springs No. 11 Mine, was transferred to Reliance.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walsh and daughter, Glaydes Mae, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Port Ward, at Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Curran, of San Diego, were the house guests of Mrs. Curran's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kumer.

### Reliance

Mrs. Hugh Harrigan, accompanied by Mr. William Spence, of E-Plane, went to Salt Lake City to be with Mrs. Spence, who underwent a major operation.

Mr. Walter Johnson and son, Walter, of Superior, were Reliance visitors during the month.

Pfc. Mickey Peppinger, of the U. S. Army Air Corps, was home recently on a furlough to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Peppinger.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Korogi went to Salt Lake City on business in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Groves, of Salt Lake City, visited recently at the home of Mrs. John Grove and family.

Mrs. Harry Faddis entertained her bridge club at her home.

Mrs. G. Baxter returned to her home after spending a week in Ogden with her daughter, Afton, and Mrs. Ivan Woodburn.

Alan Evans was confined to his home with chicken pox.

Mrs. H. E. Buckles was called to Reno upon receiving word of the illness of her sister.

Pat Burns, of the U. S. Army, visited at his home here recently.

Elmer Meeks, who is in the Navy, was home on leave.

Junior Zelenka and Kenny Korogi, both in the Navy, were home on leave.

### Winton

Pfc. James Wilson, of Camp White, Oregon, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Strannigan.

Mrs. James Gregory left for Oklahoma with her sons where she will join her husband, Master Sgt. James Gregory.

Mrs. Albert Volcic was a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wise, Sr., spent a few days visiting in Salt Lake City with their son and daughter-in-law, Master Sgt. and Mrs. Joe Wise, Jr.

Sgt. Clifford Law returned to Camp White, Oregon, after a short furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Law.

Mrs. Ernest Jorgenson left for Chicago, where she will make her home.

Pvt. Boh Benson returned to his camp in Oklahoma after enjoying a short furlough with his friends and relatives.

### Superior

The following boys have spent furloughs here recently: Ernest Zaucanella, Andy Legerski, Richard and Robert Wales, Nick and Pete Roich, Stanley Likwartz, Herman Albertini, Paul Petrina, James Kladianos, John Balog, Jr., Robert Haueter, Jack Woolrich, Leo Kranker, Walter Ussery, Darmo Maki, Marion Walker and Barrie Gilfillan.

Miss Fina Del Pero has gone to Ogden, where she now is employed.

Mrs. Frank Prevedel and Mrs. Raymond Tarter were business visitors in Salt Lake City and Brigham City.

Mrs. C. Menghini has received word that her son, Leno, has arrived in Greenland. Leno's brother, August, is now in England.

Mrs. Jack Drummond and daughter, Carol Janice, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, Sr.

A fire of unknown origin started in an abandoned ice house, burning it and the homes of Mr. and Mrs. George Vallis and Mr. and Mrs. Donato Tarter.

Mrs. Toivo Pietala is recuperating at her home after an operation performed recently in Salt Lake City.

Miss Agnes Wall visited her father, Fred Wall, for a few days before going to New York City, where she will begin her basic training in the WAVES.

Among the new arrivals are: a son to Mr. and Mrs. Anastacio Santistevan, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hicks, and a son to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fedele.

Mrs. A. L. Keeney was on the sick list during March.

Mrs. Dan Gardner and Mrs. Rachael McIntosh have gone to Arizona, where they are visiting George McIntosh. En-route they stopped to see Janet and Bob Gardner.

Mrs. Juel Roden and Lonnie McGee have gone to Paris, Arkansas, for several weeks.

Mrs. John E. Johnson was a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital.

The following have left for the service: Jack L. Ainsworth, Joe A. Herrera, Eleanor Herrera, Edward J. White and William W. Manning.

## Hanna

Pvt. Richard Lucas spent a furlough here visiting his wife, brother and sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tate, of Ogden, and Pvt. Jack Tate, of Long Beach, California, visited here recently with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hearne and family.

Evalt Riva and Evor Matson came from Berkeley, Calif., to stay with friends and relatives here. Evor Matson has joined the Merchant Marine and reported for service on March 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lyons and daughters have moved to Fort Collins, Colo., where Mr. Lyons has accepted a position as manager of the Vogue Shoe Store. The store force entertained at a farewell dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bullock in their honor and presented them with an occasional chair and a woolen blanket.

Mrs. Mary Ford spent a few days in Laramie with her son and family, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Stebner and son, Rennie. Dr. Stebner left on March 3rd for Farragut, Idaho, where he has been commissioned a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.

Virgil Thomas was on furlough here with his mother, Mrs. Mary Thomas, and other relatives and friends. He is stationed in Oklahoma.

Leroy Lemoine and Elwood Gaskell, of Farragut, Idaho, were home on leave to see their parents.

Miss Peggy Varvandakis is assisting at the Mine Office.

William Dexter has recovered from several weeks of illness at the Hanna Hospital.

Anna, Edna, and Albin Klaseen spent a recent week-end in Denver, where they visited their nephew, Jack Klaseen, of Oakland, California, who is serving in the air corps at Buckley Field.

Mrs. James Bamber, who received medical attention in Denver for several weeks, returned home on March 11th, accompanied by her daughter, Margaret Bamber.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Veitch are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son in Rock Springs, on March 13th.

The funeral of Mrs. Oscar Salo, who passed away in Denver after a goitre operation, was held at the Finn Hall on March 11th, with Rev. J. R. Palmer of the Methodist Church officiating. The deceased, the wife of the late Oscar Salo, Hanna Old Timer, was born in Finland, February 22, 1886. She had been ill for several weeks, receiving medical attention in Denver. She leaves to mourn her passing one son, Waine Salo, of Hanna, and one daughter, Mrs. Tully, and one grandson of Bair Oil. Interment was in the Hanna Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lucas and daughter, Eileen, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. William Hapgood and daughters, Patricia and Josephine, and Mrs. Wm. Lowe, of Winton, motored to Casper on March 11th where they attended the formal awarding of medals at the Casper Air Base. Mr. Lucas was presented with his son Bernard's medals, the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Flying Cross after the Adjutant at the Base read the citations. The reviewing of the WAC's and troops, led by the band, concluded the ceremonies.

## General Offices

### WHAT IS A NATION PROFITED?

On the 26th of February a miner died. Mr. Pat McGarvey, the father of twelve children, including Catherine, who is employed in the General Office, went out serving the vocation he so devotedly followed for thirty-four years. No, he was not a transient worker who moved, moved, believing the grass to be just a little bit greener on the far side of the valley. No, he was one of many who have given nobility to the occupation of mining. And what nobility it is! Oh, yes, go east and you hear them laugh at the miners, go west and they sneer at them, go north and they cuss them, go south and they have forgotten them. Why? Because a certain few —in Washington, in management and in labor—have misused the responsibilities of leadership. Thus, the performance of the many has been blemished by the acts of an infamous few.

Millions of Americans yet thank the miners. Not all continue to rebuke them. Well, Mr. McGarvey's family can be comforted by the knowledge that he left behind him a few who will back the many miners who have proved their good faith. And this writer is one of them, one who will pounce on their detractors with the determination of William Allen White in support of Kansas, and with the vigor of Thoreau in defence of the farmers of Concord.

This country in the end will pay just tribute to the miners as a class—to the men, who, in the darkness and anxiety of the years we now live, have done a magnificent job. Will it matter greatly if the country doesn't? Well, what is a nation profited if it gain a great victory and lose its own soul?

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